RICHMOND

IN BY-GONE DAYS;

BEING REMINISCENCES OF

An Old Citizen.

"HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

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May 15
1856

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA:
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE M. WEST.
1856.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,
By George M. West,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Virginia.

King & Baird, Printers,
No. 9 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

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PREFACE.

THE unpretending character of this little book will probably disarm criticism, except from the attacks of such literary prowlers as make their assaults on the weakest, that they may be safe from resistance or retaliation.

These reminiscences were commenced at a period of illness, to while away the tedium of a sick chamber, and would not have extended beyond the few pages thus penned to kill time, had not some friends urged the extension of them, to serve as a slight memorial of men and things and events, of which there were few or no records, and which must soon pass into oblivion if not rescued by one of the survivors of them.

The reader may doubt whether a large portion of the contents deserve to be thus rescued; and should this be the general opinion, its judgment will be carried into execution, by the book being consigned to the oblivion it merits.

What portions of these reminiscences are to be ascribed to false impressions on the memory, I must refer to my cotemporaries, being unconscious of them myself. In old age, the memory like the sight, discerns remote objects, while those which are near become indistinct, or imperceptible. But the imagination sometimes plays tricks with both. Memory becomes so strongly impressed with what it had frequently heard or frequently narrated, as to convert legends into facts, and phantoms into realities; and the eye is also deceived by outlines and shadows, into seeing objects which have neither form nor substance—

"Giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

The writer trusts that there is nothing in these pages to hurt the feelings or wound

the susceptibilities of any one living person mentioned, or of the descendants of one; he can conscientiously assert that there is no such intention, and express his regret if his motives should be misinterpreted.

P. S.—When the following pages were penned, the writer had not seen the volume published a few years ago, entitled "History of Richmond, by Dr. John P. Little;" and having not yet perused it regularly, he is unconscious of any encroachments on the Doctor's manor, and *he* will be the first probably to exculpate the writer from any such charge. The Doctor's work appears to be one of historical research, to which this lays no claim.

March, 1856.

INTRODUCTION.

It may not be amiss to prefix to these Recollections of the City of Richmond, a short notice of its origin.

The following extract from a manuscript volume of Col. Wm. Byrd, of Westover, the founder of the City, was written in the year 1733, in his journal.

"Sept. 19, 1733.—When we got home we laid the foundation of two large cities, one at Shacco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the falls of Appomattox river, to be named Petersburg. These Major Mayo offered to lay out into lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost landing of James and Appomattox rivers, are naturally intended for marts where the traffic of the outer inhabitants must centre. Thus we did not build castles only, but also cities in the air." [The Westover Manuscripts, Petersburg. — Printed by Edmond and Julian Ruffin, 1841.]

PETER JONES was one of the party embraced in the term "We," and to him as the proprietor of the land, is Petersburg indebted for its name—not to Peter the Great.

In the year 1742, the Assembly of Virginia passed "an act establishing the town of Richmond, in the county of Henrico, and allowing Fairs to be held therein" in the months of May and November, "on the lands of Wm. Byrd, Esq., at the Falls of James river." Shockoe's creek was the northern and eastern boundary. The river and a line therefrom along First street to the creek, (probably Bacon Branch) was the southern and western.

In 1744, an act was passed to prohibit the building of wooden chimneys, "by reason of the imminent danger of fire."

In 1769, "an act for establishing towns at *Rocky Ridge*, (Manchester), at Gloucester Court House, and Layton's Ware House."

In 1779, "an act for the removal of the seat of government" to the town of Richmond—which includes a section authorising an enlargement of its limits by the addition of two hundred lots, or one hundred acres.

In 1780, "an act for locating the public squares, to enlarge the town, and for other

purposes"—locates the *Capitol*, Halls of Justice, State House for Executive Boards, and a house for the Governor, on Shockœ Hill, and a Public Market below the hill, on the *same side* of the creek. "Thomas Jefferson, Archibald Cary, Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Adams, Edmund Randolph, Turner Southall, Robert Goode, James Buchanan, and Samuel Du Vall, Esquires, were appointed to lay off in such form and of such dimensions as shall be convenient and requisite." Two hundred more lots of a half acre each were added, and authority given to clear the navigation leading to Shockœ landing, "which was much obstructed of late by freshets, the natural course of the creek being altered, by which large banks of sand have been thrown up, which if not quickly removed, may render the navigation to the upper landing useless," *i. e.* the present site of the Gas Works, Carey street.

In 1781, "an act to secure to persons who desire titles to lots, lands and tenements, under the Lottery, or under a Deed of Trust of the late William Byrd, Esq., a fee simple estate therein."

The Wm. Byrd here spoken of, was a son of the founder, and was as industrious in

spending a fortune, as his father had been in making one. The sale of lots in Richmond was perhaps not as rapid as his expenditures required, and from the recital in this act, it appears that in 1756 he made a *lottery of lots in Richmond and Manchester*, under the management of gentlemen named in the act, and he also appointed trustees to make deeds, (probably to the prize holders, though not so expressed). At the date of this act (1781) CHARLES CARTER was the only surviving trustee, and he was authorised by it to execute the deeds.

In 1782, an act was passed which conferred on Richmond the title of *City*, and incorporated it as such.

In 1788, the City was allowed a Representative in the House of Delegates.

RICHMOND IN BY-GONE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

LONG TIME AGO.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o'lang-syne?"

THERE are few residents of Richmond whose reminiscence of its localities, &c., have a more remote retrospection than mine; impressed on my childhood, perhaps on my imagination; and as the latter may occasionally prevail, I will not venture to assert that my descriptions and anecdotes are literally correct—they are so, as the qualification in court goes, "to the best of my knowledge and belief." As far back as the year 1792, I think I remember the *market-house* occupying the site of the one just rebuilt (1855) on Main and Seventeenth streets. The first edifice was an open shed supported on wooden posts, and the slope

from it down to *Shockoe Creek* was a green pasture, and considered a common, much used by laundresses whereon to dry the clothes which they washed in the stream. A spring of cool water arose in the common on the south side of Main street, but the spot is now occupied by a building where fountains of *fire-water* are substituted for the natural and pure element, and, I fear, it may be added, that the combined elements attract more thirsty bodies than the simple one did of yore; although the thirst is more apt to be increased than allayed by the fiery substitute.

The creek was crossed by foot passengers on a narrow bridge, raised a few feet above the surface of the water, but horses cooled *their* feet by fording it. When freshets occurred, the planks were removed from the bridge and a ferry-boat was substituted, which conveyed vehicles, as well as man and horse, across the wide and sometimes deep stream.

At the mouth of the creek, where the gas holders now rise and fall, was a wharf, built around a broad, flat rock (which has been blasted to accommodate the gas), and this place was called the *Rock Landing*, where oyster boats and small craft resorted.

Along the then elevated bank of the river,

from about the rear of the present Union Hotel, a grassy walk, shaded by elm and other trees, extended for a considerable distance, down to where *Foster's rope-walk* afterwards stood, and this was the fashionable promenade. Of late years, the clay which nourished those trees has been converted into bricks, the surface lowered many feet, and a large portion of it covered with buildings. Below this bank was a narrow branch of the river, separated from the main stream by a narrow strip of land, an island, on which grew a few large sycamore trees, about the site of the present dock. I remember a vessel, grounded probably in a freshet, in this narrow stream, and converted into a place of refreshment, which was reached by a platform from the shore, and resorted to by promenaders. Its position was peculiarly favorable for obtaining and disposing of oysters.

The eastern end of this shaded walk terminated in a high and steep cliff, overhanging the river, which washed its base at high water, but at low tide admitted of a narrow walk on the sands. On the occasion of a severe ice freshet once, a great deposit of drift-wood, soil and sand formed a small island some hundred feet from this cliff. A German, named

Widewilt, procured a land warrant and located it on this new-found land, and, to secure it against becoming a floating island, he drove stakes all round his slippery domain, and wattled them so that future freshets might add further deposits; and thus *Widewilt's Island* became a possession of some value as a fishery and sand mart. The island remained above water longer than its founder did above ground; but a similar accident to that which formed the island recurred, and destroyed the work of its predecessor. An ice freshet consolidated the river, and so obstructed the current that the ice borne over the Falls continued to accumulate in height until it rose to the level of Mayo's Bridge. An unfrozen current flowed underneath, but was not visible for many miles. The immense mass of ice slowly disappeared, and with it disappeared Widewilt's Island.

A similar loss of territory happened to Great Britain some years before. A volcanic island rose in the Atlantic off St. Michael's, one of the Azores, in 1811, and when it became cool enough not to scorch shoe leather, the captain of the British frigate *Sabrina*, then cruising on that station, landed on it, and coolly took possession in the name of his

sovereign, and gave to it the name of his ship. It was my fortune, or misfortune, during the war in 1814, soon after passing the site of this new British territory, to be captured by one of his Britannic Majesty's ships. I was on board an American vessel commanded by a Scotchman, and I was captured by a British vessel commanded by a Yankee, and to complete the strange antithesis, a Yankee prize-master was placed over my Scotch captain. The Yankee was a well disposed—I should rather say a good-natured man—for his disposition to fight against his country was not *well*, but he had been a carpenter in the British service long before the fight begun. I inquired of him about the island, and was told he could show me what remained of it. Thereupon, opening his sea-chest, he handed me a lump of lava, and told me he was present at the birth of the island, and acted as one of its godfathers. That he took this memento of his bantling, who did not survive, or rather *sur wave*, but about eighteen months; and he bestowed on me one-half of the British dominion he had rescued from the other dominion which she claimed in that boastful song, "Britannia rules the waves."

An ephemeral island has risen and subsided

several times near the same spot. Should "Sabrina," or one of her *ascendants*, venture to raise her head above water, she will probably be claimed by Great Britain as a deserter; nor is such a claim likely to be disputed, except in the lower regions, whence these islands seem to emigrate.

The Rock Landing has had a singular succession of occupants. When vessels of some size could no longer float there, and when even the oyster boats had to abandon it in favor of a wharf, which was extended to deeper water, a shot-tower was erected on it, or, according to modern parlance, was *being erected.* Although founded on a rock, it had not attained to its full attitude, when it fell to the ground, proving that bad bricks and weak mortar were unfit for high pressure, or perhaps the rock on which it was based may not have been dressed to a true level, and the tall structure slid off sidewise. The materials served to form a less aspiring structure, to use a gentle term, for a block of buildings in the Valley not always in very good repute.

Thus dead to any useful purpose, the Rock Landing was buried under the accumulating mass of earth and rubbish, which was carted from foundations for houses and from less

pure sources. After many years interment it was exhumed, and like some other subjects, whose graves are violated, its still firm body was dislocated, and the members scattered abroad or used in the erection of the huge monument which covers its grave, but a bright and subtle spirit arises from it, which serves to enlighten our citizens in the most benighted times.

"*The Cage*" is, I believe, a term peculiar to Richmond, as applied to the receptacle for offenders. It originated from a structure so called, erected at the north-east end of the market bridge, some fifty years ago, when it terminated close to the market-house; its long parapet-wall of brick, surmounted by a capping of free-stone. This cage, of octagonal form, had open iron gratings on three sides, about ten feet above the street, and the floor of this open prison was arranged amphitheatrically, so that each occupant could see, and, what was worse, be seen from the street.

Here were encaged (when caught) the unfeathered night-hawks that prowl for prey, and screeching owls that make night hideous, and black birds, who had flown from their own nests, to nestle elsewhere, like cuckoos; and some birds, both black and white, who

had no nests at all, were brought to roost here until that official ornithologist, the police master, should examine into their characters. This was a somewhat convenient arrangement to the citizen, who, on rising in the morning, missed the attendant on his household comforts, and who, as he went to market, had only to look into the cage for his flown bird.

A structure made memorable to future ages by the author of Hudibras, stood in rear of the cage.

"———— In all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone or brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic, made impregnable:
There's neither iron bar, nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon, scarce three inches wide,
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With wall of subtile air and wind;
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by the head-borough."

This mystical prison—the *stocks*—surmounted the *whipping-post*, and was an awful warning to the foul birds; some of whom were occasionally condemned to roost in the upper part and others to become acquainted with the twigs in the lower.

CHAPTER II.

BRITISH MERCHANTS.

THE term "British merchants" is here used *not* in its general acceptation, but as it was formerly applied in Virginia, to those who had establishments here, and who, in fact, had the monopoly of trade in most of the Southern States. Far be it from me to impugn the integrity and liberality of so truly noble a class as the British merchants, or to reflect on any nationalities, classes or sects.

On another page it is stated that supplies of goods were imported into Virginia, previous to and for a score of years after the Revolution, chiefly by English, Scotch and Irish merchants. The principals of these mercantile houses resided in Great Britain, and junior partners conducted the business in Virginia. Some of these concerns branched out, like polypi, to the villages and court-houses, and some of them, also like polypi, consumed the substance of all that came within their grasp. There were, however, many honorable exceptions to this rule.

It was said to be one of the stipulations between the principals of these houses and the young men they sent to Virginia as clerks, that they were not to marry in Virginia. They came with the prospect of being admitted as partners in some branch of the central establishment, and it might weaken the sordid attachment to their patrons if they formed an attachment of a purer and tenderer nature to the fair daughters of their customers. They might make less stringent bargains, or be more indulgent in requiring payments. This monkish system tended to prevent that social intercourse between merchant and planter, which the hospitable disposition of the latter would have encouraged, and this exclusion of the former from good society led to the formation of connections of a disreputable character, and to habits of intemperance, to which many of them became victims.

With a moderate share of prudence and industry, the acquisition of a fortune was almost certain. Competition did not interfere to reduce the profit on goods below forty or fifty per cent., nor to raise the price of tobacco, which was generally taken in payment, above sixteen shillings and eight pence ($2.78) or eighteen shillings ($3) per one hundred pounds,

and, at that time, the sale of no tobacco other than good leaf or stemmed was permitted—such as was not merchantable, if presented for inspection, was burned. Previous to the Revolution, a convention of the (Virginia) British merchants was semi-annually held at Williamsburg, when the prices they would allow for tobacco was fixed for the then current year, after the crops were pretty well ascertained. This was trading on a pretty safe basis, as the partners abroad could control the prices there in a great degree. Those planters who lived extravagantly were apt to fall in debt to their merchants, and would give bonds, renewed from year to year, with interest added, until a mortgage or deed of trust ensued, and thus some fine estates changed hands from planter to merchant.

Loans were also made to the planters, which were apt to prove ruinous to the borrowers. One mode of evading the usury law was by buying from the planter a bill of exchange, drawn by him on some person or thing in London, at a very low rate of exchange; which bill would of course be protested and returned, subject to damages, and a refund at the current rate of exchange, thus involving a loss of twenty-five per cent. or more for

about six months' use of the money. I have heard that such bills had been drawn on "the pump at Aldgate," and that on one occasion, when the planter was at a loss for a name to draw on, the pious merchant suggested "the Bishop of London," which was adopted. When the bill was presented to his reverence, he was much surprised, but thinking there must be some proper ground for it, he consulted a friend as to the course to be pursued, stating that he did not know the drawer, nor any cause for such a bill, and wished to be advised how to act. A protest was of course the result, and no grace was given to the graceless parties.

This system of evading the usury law gave rise to an enactment by the Legislature of Virginia, requiring, after the sum in sterling on the face of the bill, it should also express in currency the amount actually received for it, and, if this was omitted, the holder could recover no more pounds in currency than were drawn for in sterling.

The British merchants had drawn the Virginia planters so deeply in debt to them, and the cessation of trade during the Revolution had caused such an advance in the price of imported goods, and so great a depreciation in that of produce, that to save the planters from

ruin, and to punish the merchants for Toryism, the Legislature passed an act confiscating British debts, and authorizing the treasurer to collect them. The effect of this was annulled when peace took place.

The monopoly of the trade of Virginia, in effect, was retained by the British merchants many years after the peace of 1783, but adventurers from the Northern and Eastern States gradually made good their footing, and created competition, and even some Virginians condescended to stand behind the desk or the counter. Some of the imported Celibates relinquished their vows and became engrafted on society, and thus an entire change was brought about in our commercial system.

When all our goods were imported direct from abroad, and our produce exported to Europe, we paid dearly for the honor of such direct trade, and found it to our interest to introduce Northern competition, which increased by slow degrees.

The first bold innovator, who dared to compete on a large scale with the importers, was Bartlett Still. He purchased his goods in the Northern cities, priced them in dollars and cents, instead of pounds, shillings and pence, and sold for cash. His fancy articles were

more stylish, and his store more showy and brilliant than those of the old fogies, and he attracted the fashionable custom. His deeds were celebrated in rhyme, which gave increased notoriety to his establishment.

His example was soon followed, and "*new* store" was succeeded by "NEW *new* store;" which latter throve so well that those of the next generation became stock-jobbers, millionaires and bankrupts, in New York, in rapid succession.

Thus, by degrees, the purchase of goods in New York and Philadelphia became the rule, and direct importation the exception. Of late years the largest portion of our tobacco crop is manufactured at home and sold at the north, but the quantity shipped direct to Europe is equal to the demand, now that the Western States furnish so large a supply to markets abroad.

The system which formerly existed prevented an accumulation of commercial capital in Richmond, or in any town in Virginia, and thus stinted their growth. The profits on trade went in the first instance chiefly to the principals in Great Britain, and when their Virginia partners had amassed a comfortable capital, having no family ties here, they would

retire to "the old country," as they called it, with the capital they had accumulated; and this continual drain kept "the new country" poor.

Many adventurers from the Northern States, after making money here, would return to spend or increase it there. It is of late years, comparatively, that a large mercantile capital has become stable in Virginia. Millions almost might be counted up that were abstracted from Richmond and Petersburg in former days, to establish those merchants, who had accumulated it here, in London, Liverpool, and New York, while scarcely any capital came from those cities to replace it.

CHAPTER III.

MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

OUR antiquities are so modern, compared even with European, (and they are but mere upstarts in comparison with the Egyptian and Asiatic), that the term scarcely seems applicable in America, except with respect to the mounds and ruins discovered in the west and south-west.

Among the most respectable in point of age and appearance of which Richmond can boast, is the *old stone house* of one story, on Main street, which dates probably A. U. C. —and what is more remarkable has always been in the Egé family. May it long remain in its primitive and respectable condition, or according to the Spanish adieu "may it live a thousand years."

A steam corn mill has lately intruded itself as next door neighbor to the ancient and honorable stone house. This mere upstart is puffing and blowing, and making all sorts of noises in the very ears of Mr. Egé's descendants. It is enough to arouse the old pa-

triarch from his grave to see his old mansion thus besieged—but if he were to come, he would be astonished by the whistle of the locomotive on one hand, and the blowing off of a steamboat on the other, by lights in his house without oil or candle, by the water of the river flowing in his yard, and above all, by something like a high clothes-line in the street, along which people carry on a conversation with Boston or New Orleans—things never dreamed of in his philosophy.

On the very summit of the high and steep hill, north of the Egé house, stands the old *Adams Mansion*, a cotemporary probably; erected by the original proprietor, whose domain was separated by Shockoe creek from that of Col. Byrd, the founder of Richmond. That mansion retains its primitive and picturesque appearance, and is kept in fine preservation by its present owner, Mr. Loftin Ellett. The old *Parish Church of St. John's*, which was entitled to precedence for its sacred character, and probably for its age also, is preserved in its ancient purity of simple architecture, with only the addition of a tower and belfry, which rising in pure white among the tall trees around it, presents one of the most beautiful and conspicuous

objects in the many beautiful landscapes of which Richmond can boast.

The *Masonic Hall* deserves also to be mentioned among the "ancient and honorable" edifices, though comparatively of modern date. Its proportions are creditable to the architect, as its good preservation is to the brethren.

The oldest public house was "*the Bird in hand*," on Main street, at the foot of Church hill, lately a ruinous hovel, but now embellished with a new front of brick-bats.

A more modern, and a splendid house in its day, was the *City tavern*. "*Hotel*" was no more known then than in Meg Dod's palmiest days. But the old tavern having almost miraculously, as a wooden building, escaped conflagration, is now degraded to a work-shop. The smoke-stack has succeeded the smoke-jack, the table is displaced by the work-bench, and wheels, bands and pullies revolve, where Minuets, Reels and Congos were danced at a ball given in honor of Gen. Washington.

A successor to the City tavern rose on the opposite side of the street, under the title of the *Union Hotel*, but now called the "United States;" for taverns like rogues change their

names when they lose their characters, and this is a case of reformation under new rulers.

Bowler's Tavern stood where afterwards was "the *Bell Tavern*," named after its Quaker founder, and where now stands the *City Hotel*, or of recent sanctification (Query? the appropriateness?) the "*Saint Charles Hotel.*"

Bowler's was a one story wooden house of an **L** shape, standing on a bank some six feet or more above the street, and reached by a flight of steps, beneath which ran the gutter —sometimes a mill stream in volume.

On some occasions the river, much more aspiring than of late years, would submerge the street and obstruct the approach to the house. An old citizen who died some years ago, said that he had paddled a canoe into Bowler's tavern—and a living one tells me he has crossed the street there in a boat.

The landlord was a figure to attract notice as a living model of departed fashions. His tall and burly form arrayed in fair-top boots, buff shorts, scarlet vest, green coat decked with large gilt buttons, a cocked hat, his rubicund face, surmounted by a carrot colored wig; to the rear of which hung a long

and thick queue, stiffly enwrapped in black ribbon, except a short brush of hair peeping out at the lower end to show of what it was formed. This queue oscillated like a pendulum half-way down his back, marking a section of a circle on his coat. A worthy and kind old gentleman was Major Bowler, and I have introduced him with no feeling of disrespect, but as a fine specimen of the fashion in his day.

In the rear of this tavern, on a steep hillside, now cut down and occupied by livery stables and small dwellings, were the *Falling Gardens*, and the residence of their proprietor Mr. Lowndes, a fine type of the Quaker in personal appearance and in dress—with his broad-brimmed hat, drab suit, the coat of plainest cut without a superfluous button, waistcoat in same style, both of ample length and breadth, knee-breeches, gray stockings, and silver knee and shoe buckles. Many such figures were then to be seen in our streets, now not one, though some of the sect remain.

Just above his residence, and where now stands the *Odd Fellows' Hall*, on Franklin street, there stood on a hill nearly as high as that Hall, two small brick buildings, with as

much decoration of cornice and panel work as could well be displayed. These were traditionally (but incorrectly I am told) called the Auditor's and Treasurer's offices. They were erected by Henry Banks, as wings to a grand centre, which was designed to connect them; but some of Mr. B.'s speculations fell to the ground, and his palace never rose above it. He had the reputation, well-earned, of being a very litigious man, and on one occasion, meeting a gentleman of his acquaintance on horseback, he accosted him and remarked casually, "that horse, Mr. P. is very much like one that I had." "O, Mr. Banks," replied Mr. P., at the same time making a movement to dismount, "if you mean to claim the horse, do not bring suit, I will relinquish him rather than go to law."

The *Treasury* was a wooden house, afterwards occupied as a dwelling by Mr. James Brown, Jr., in the rear of his (now Mr. Webb's), large store. Its security must have rested more on the absence of temptation, than in the strength of the building. On the summit of the high hill, overlooking the Treasury, was the *Council Chamber*, which until lately gave name to the Hill. But the plain brick building in which the "potent,

grave, and reverend seniors" of the State assembled in the early years of the Commonwealth, has disappeared, as hast he summit of the hill on which it stood. Ross street, and Mayo and College streets have bored deeply into it, exposing to light the impressions of vast beds of scallop and other shells, a few shark's teeth, and various unmistakable indications, that this lofty hill, overlooking the surrounding country, had once been at the bottom of the now distant ocean. In this, if nothing else, we can lay claim to high antiquity.

The Council Chamber, and the beautiful hill on which it stood, became the property of Col. John Mayo: converted into a dwelling, it was his occasional City residence, when by way of variety his family left their country seat, north-west of the City, called the *Hermitage*, which was anything but a Hermitage in point of seclusion; for there the reigning belle of the day, as well as other members of the family, attracted many visitors, and General Scott proved, by carrying her off against all competitors, that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

Bellville, the beautiful country-seat, named after the gentleman who built it, became after-

wards the residence of the Mayo family; but both the Hermitage and Bellville now present a melancholy aspect. Time and neglect have preyed on the one, and fire on the other, leaving bare walls only to mark the spot.

Another branch of the Mayo family has occupied, for nearly a century perhaps, a country-seat south-east of the city, called *Powhatan*, and reputed, no doubt correctly, to have been the site of the royal residence of the king whose name it bears; but it was not the scene of Pocahontas's romantic rescue of Captain Smith.

The Council-chamber residence was particularly convenient to Colonel Mayo, for, with a spy-glass, he could see from thence all that was passing on his bridge, a structure which—like the Pyramids of Egypt, each the work of the life-time of the Pharaoh who was to occupy it—kept the Colonel employed from the prime of youth to a ripe old age, and left a similar occupation to his successor.

The *Capitol* itself occupied a very humble site at the base of this hill, and the homeliness of the building was adapted to its locality; but it may be questioned whether, in that mere wooden barn, more high talent, more political wisdom, and more polished gentility,

were not assembled, than have been since in the marred copy of a beautiful Grecian temple, which in its coat of shabby stucco, crowns the beautiful summit of Capitol hill.

The *Old Capitol* as it was called till it was demolished, was on Fourteenth (or modern Pearl) street, below Exchange alley, where Mr. Fry has erected some fine stores. The house was a plain one-story building, originally of small dimensions. From Halls of Legislation it was converted into counting rooms—bills of exchange were drawn in place of legislative bills—bargain and sale superseded motions and enactments—for I dare be sworn that bargain and sale never contaminated those Halls when occupied by the Fathers of the Republic, and I hope it cannot be truly charged to their successors.

An English firm, Donald & Burton, occupied the old Capitol, as did their successors, carrying on a very extensive business. The name of the last one, James Brown, being common to several other residents, caused the soubriquet of "Old Capitol Brown" to be applied to him, while others were variously distinguished. The last survivor of these synonymes still retains the designation

of *Junior*, though he has passed three score and ten, and I hope his juniority will continue for many years more. With him I will close this chapter of Modern Antiquities.

CHAPTER IV.

MAIN STREET.

THE earliest impression on my mind of the appearance of the *Main street*, (and it was the only one on which the buildings were not "few and far between,") is that the houses were of wood, and generally of one or two stories in height. On the west of Shockoe creek two of these yet remain. One is a few doors below the spot where Bowler's, the Bell, the City, and St. Charles, have successively offered their accommodations to travellers; a small two story house, for many years past a tinner's shop, but very many years previous to that the property of the worthy "*Minton Collins, seedsman,*" who showed his gratitude by bestowing it on the daughters of his hospitable friend Mr. Wiseham. The other wooden structure, which has escaped demolition—though time has nearly effected it—is the house at the corner of Main and Fourteenth or Pearl streets, and this, like some folks, artfully conceals its natural complexion and its antiquity, under an artificial

exterior, a coat of plaster, though it is sometimes betrayed by the laths.

The Brick Row, thus distinguished of old for its exclusiveness, commenced at this spot, and extended up to what *was Crawford's Corner*, *now* the Dispatch office; where the same cannon has stood guard against the assaults of drays and wagons at least sixty years. The square diagonally above the old gun was, I think, the next that could boast of brick fronts, and these, where not replaced by new ones, now show marks of antiquity. The opposite square was the third to obtain such distinction, and its most conspicuous edifice was the *Eagle Tavern*. Pursuing a zig zag course from the upper corner of the *Eagle Square*, as it is still called, though the eagle has flown, we see the last of the brick rows that stood at the beginning of the present century, and that row has risen a story, by an Irish process of depression; the street having been cut down until the cellars were brought to light and converted into shops. The only *four story* house in the city was "*Harris's building*," at the upper corner of the square, and this grew up, or rather down, to be of five stories, when its elevation (like Cardinal Wolsey's) caused its downfall; it

had aspired above the reach of its protectors, the fire engines, even aided by the great Fire King, John P. Shields, and it expired in a blaze, not more glorious than the cardinal's, though like him resigned to its fate, *i. e.*, if well insured.

Nearly opposite to the present *Exchange Bank* stood a large wooden building, which, in my youthful days, was *Mrs. Gilbert's Coffee House;* not a news-room, but truly what its name imports; and here tea, coffee and chocolate were dispensed to customers, seated around the fire in winter, or at the open windows in summer. In after years, and under other occupants, it assumed the name of the *Globe Tavern*, and it closed its career a few years ago as an "oyster and beef-steak house, with other refreshments," under a skilful mulatto woman, whose canvas backs, soras, and other delicacies of the season attracted many customers. The great Globe is dissolved, leaving not a wreck behind, and the splendid store of Kent, Paine & Co., the first specimen in Richmond of the Broadway style of dry goods palaces, has risen on the spot.

Main street was not a smooth road to travel either on horseback or on foot. No portion of the carriage-way was paved, and the side walks

only here and there, and with ups and downs. The dealers who wished to entice the ladies to their shops (stores, I beg pardon,) would present a paved entrance; those who sought rougher customers offered a rough reception, over gravel or cobble stone. Dust in summer was insufferable, and in winter the mud would be ancle deep, and in some places "up to the hub." By way of making crossings, a narrow mound of ashes and cinders would be raised across the street, and wo to him or her who, on a dark night, deviated from the right path.

A small stream used to flow rather diagonally across Main street; its source was a spring or springs flowing from the hill which terminated below the present *Metropolitan Hall*, formerly the First Presbyterian Church; it passed in a trunk through *Byrd's warehouse*, and flowed along an alley, the entrance of which is now converted into a large arch at Mr. Womble's store, above Fourteenth street. Its course continued openly and boldly across Main street, but was concealed until it emerged in Change alley, and flowed along Virginia and across Cary streets to the river. Sometimes with its affluents from the gutters, after a rain, it would spread over the entire surface

of Virginia street and convey to the river a liberal contribution of gravel and mud. All these vagaries are now hidden by a culvert, like the under ground railroad, concealing many foul movements.

A somewhat successful attempt was made by the residents on Main street, at about the close of the last century, to beautify it by planting trees; and Mr. Jefferson's (recently introduced) favorite exotic, the Lombardy poplar, which was then all the rage, was chosen beyond all the trees of the forest. It flourished as many of its countrymen have on our soil, and its towering summits soon aspired to, and even overtopped the height of the chimneys; but pride must have a fall. The national plant of Virginia (unjustly stigmatized as a weed) may naturally be supposed to have become jealous of the foreign upstart that towered over her near her native fields at every homestead, and it is *as natural* to imagine that she induced the insects she had nourished to make an attack on the invader, and a successful one it proved. The great caterpillars were not recognized by the people as native tobacco worms, but were stigmatized as poisonous foreigners, and as being ungratefully introduced and nourished by the

exotic they had cherished. The rage now took an opposite course. Evidence as strong was adduced against the caterpillars, as of yore against the witches, and the decision was equally just and fatal to both. The axe was put to the roots of the trees, and scarcely one in all the region around survives to show the injustice of the sentence.

Main street did not extend far beyond Harris's house in habitable guise, in those days. Gullies and swamps crossed its path. Where *Tan-bark-hall* stood, and Bosher's row stands, were the tan yards of Bockius and McKechnie. A path of tan bark or of boards enabled pedestrians to reach the nearly uninhabited regions beyond, but carriages rarely ventured through the swamp or up the ascent beyond it. The eaves of the houses used by the tanners were scarcely as high as the present foot-way. There was a good skating pond in winter on one of the lots on the north side of the street. The family of McKims owned and resided on the property where Corinthian Hall and other buildings now rear their tall heads, in place of the ancient and lowly structures lately removed.

I ought to apologize for pursuing a devious course, and I now descend from the upper

end of Main street to the south-west end of the market bridge, where was the parterre of Mons. Didier Colin, Perruquier, extending from his house down to the margin of Shockoe creek. Looking over the parapet of the bridge, the pedestrian might have his senses regaled with the sight and smell of various flowers in their season. The spot on which they grew is now covered with brick buildings, but the creek, not reconciled to the encroachment, sometimes rises in wrath and drives the invaders from their lower apartments.

A place of great public resort during many years after about 1810, for politicians, quidnuncs, stock jobbers, and in general those who had nothing else to do, was *Lynch's Coffee House*, two doors below the Globe, which Mr. Lynch had vacated. Here all the news, foreign and domestic, rumours true or false, scandal and tittle-tattle centered, and from hence it was diffused, with increased vigor at each corner round which it circulated. Here windy talkers would blow their bellows, and tedious ones tire their listeners; but here also men of note might frequently be listened to, and here Mr. Lynch held his stock auctions. The most difficult thing at

this reading-room, was a quiet perusal of the papers; but with all its disadvantages, it was an useful place of resort, where a-body could meet a-body; and it does no credit to Richmond, that a reading-room cannot now be well sustained; it must be ascribed to the great industry of its merchants and professional men, who have no time to spare.

At Lynch's, during times of political excitement, as soon as the papers were obtained from the post office, he would open the most important one and read the news aloud to the assembled multitude. During the war with Great Britain, and when General Scott was on the Canadian frontier, he read aloud "the army is *in statu quo*." "Indeed!" said one of his hearers, "how far is that from Montreal?" And on another occasion he announced "Congress is to be called together *instanter*." "Dear me!" said a listener, "are they afraid to meet in Washington?"

CHAPTER V.

BROAD STREET.

SOME sixty years ago, or more, *Broad street* (or rather, broad road,) contained few houses, except at its two extremities, which were First and Twelfth streets. The trade from both sides of the Blue Ridge was carried on by means of large four or six-horse wagons; and, as they entered the city at the head of Broad street, small dealers established themselves there to meet the trade. The name of one of them yet remains in the identical spot occupied by that of his grandfather, James Bootwright, in the last century, on the first house on First street, and when he recently died, we lost "the oldest inhabitant." His cotemporary, Garthwright, at the opposite corner, was his friendly rival in trade during some thirty or forty years. The wagons came laden with flour, butter, hemp, wax, tallow, flaxseed, feathers, deer and bear skins, furs, ginseng, snake-root, &c.; and I once saw a bunch of dried rattlesnakes, which I was told was used

to make viper broth for consumptive patients. Rattlesnakes seem to have been considered a delicacy, even amongst the higher classes, in old times, for Col. Byrd, in his "Journal to the Land of Eden," (on Roanoke river,) says: "We killed two very large rattlesnakes, of fifteen and twelve rattles; they were both fat, but nobody would be persuaded to carry them to our quarters, although they would have added much to the luxury of our supper." As they had venison and wild turkey, they could not have been in a starving condition.

A portion of the wagoners traded on Broad street, but by far the larger number, and especially of those who brought loads from country merchants, drove down town. That trade was chiefly in the hands of four or five city merchants; and the fleets of wagons that would assemble, in brisk times, near their stores, looked like the baggage train of a small army. Many of these wagons, however, came by another road, through the Southern Valley, from Abingdon, and that region was even then a wealthy one, from its mineral and agricultural products. As specie *only* circulated in that remote country, one of the expedients resorted to by the merchants

there to make remittances to Richmond, was, to place a bag of gold or silver in the centre of a cask of melted wax or tallow, or to conceal the silver within a large bale of hemp.

Such a journey, over such roads as were then travelled, was a work of time and toil. Almost a month then, for what is accomplished in two days now, from the Salt Works, in Wythe County, to Richmond.

To reach Broad street from Main street, was almost as difficult a task as the ascent of a small mountain. Thirteenth, or Governor street, was at the same base as now, but the present height of the Governor's grounds, on that street, show what was its ascent, which was furrowed with gullies. The only other route was across the Capitol square, diagonally from Eleventh to Tenth street, near where St. Paul's Church now stands. This road, as well as the other, was usually washed into gullies by every hard rain, and the stiff red clay would sometimes form almost a close mass between the spokes of the wheels.

A most dilapidated old wooden house on Broad street, west of Sixth, or a portion of it, is now in course of demolition. It has long been an eyesore to passengers. Of late years the upper part has been the nestling place of

families of the plebeian class of free negroes, and the signs of the occupants were obvious at the windows, which were decorated, and also protected against the intrusion of light and air, by old hats and bundles of rags. The cellar was also sometimes a receptacle for rags, besides old iron, broken glass, and other commodities, destined, in regenerated forms, possibly, to aid in the decoration of a palace. Between these upper and lower regions, (the one not tenanted by angels, nor the other by devils,) was the ground floor, on which were shops for the sale of old raiment for the outer man, some of it almost fit for the window blinds of the upper or the bag of the lower tenants; and, for the comfort of the inner man, a cheap repast of cow-heel, tripe, and hoe-cake, or a refreshing dram, whose spirit was not betrayed by its colour. To complete the conveniences of this bazaar, there was a receptacle for dilapidated furniture—tables and chairs, scarcely able to stand on their own legs, much less to sustain the dishes that were to be served, or the guests that were to be seated on them—cradles without rockers, and bedsteads already tenanted. This description applies, however, to only two-thirds of the extensive premises—the other third may perhaps be a dower right,

and, consequently, if a lady's possession, much better cared for. Whilst the rest of the ancient edifice has been the victim first of disgrace, and now of demolition, the remaining portion seems to be occupied as a thriving shop for the sale of all sorts of commodities for daily use and consumption. Its neat block cornice and ancient front only requires a coat of paint to restore its good looks—like some other faded antiquities. The gutter in front was sometimes enlivened by the prattle of ragged and dirty and happy children, who were busily employed in making dirt pies, and baking them in dirt ovens, moulded on their bare feet; while a few chickens pecked and scratched on the unpaved sidewalk, unless frightened off by a hungry dog, who envied them the invisible repast, which they seemed to enjoy.

My first recollection of this late populous habitation, was when the sign of *Richards's tavern* swung before the door; the portico occupied by inveterate tobacco chewers, who kept the footway well sprinkled for some yards before them—but this was in the middle age of the ancient structure, which was probably coeval with the survey of the street on which it stood, near the entrance of the town, and on the great highway to it of

the "outer inhabitants," as Col. Byrd designated the people of the upper country. It was originally, no doubt, the principal "house of entertainment" for those outsiders. The dusty or more generally miry street in front of it, was made lively by the fleets of wagons from the Blue Ridge, and vocal with the jingling of the peals of bells, attached to the harness of the stout horses, who seemed proud of the music, as well as of the bear-skin mantillas which protected their withers, of the rosettes of red and yellow galoon which decorated their bridles, and of the same gaudy materials with which their plaited tails were tied—when not in fly time.

Now-a-days, we occasionally see one of these mountain ships; but the muddy road they toiled through in former days, is now traversed by the iron horse, and his piercing screams have silenced the grateful neighings of his noble predecessor.

In the early days of the house last described, Main street was not practicable west of Eleventh, nor was Ninth street a highway, or rather, it was a *high way*, not to be ascended to Broad street by wheels. The formation of Broad street across the valley is in the memory of many of my readers, if many I shall have.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPITOL AND THE SQUARE.

THE *Capitol Square* was originally as rugged a piece of ground as many of our hill-sides in the country exhibit after a ruinous course of cultivation. Deep ravines furrowed it on either side, and May and Jamestown weeds decorated and perfumed it in undisturbed luxuriance. On each side of the capitol was a long horse-rack, for the convenience of the public and to diversify the odour. In front of the portico stood an unpainted wooden belfry, somewhat resembling the dairys we see at good farm-houses. The portico might then be reached by a narrow, winding stone stairway, now closed, which gave to the goats and kids, who sported in numbers about the grounds, a convenient access to the portico, where they found shelter in wet weather. A few of the original forest trees, oaks and pines, which had escaped the barbarous refinement of clearing away native growths to be supplanted by exotics, constituted the only relief to the dismal aspect of the grounds, except a

few chinquepin bushes, which served to prick the fingers of boys in due season, and a copious and luxuriant growth of thistles, whose down, in a good breeze, resembled a snow storm.

Between the Governor's house and the Capitol was a high stone wall, near the line of the street, built to close the upper end of an immense ravine (now a shady dell), and over this wall, after a heavy fall of rain, flowed a great body of water, forming a fine rose-tinted cascade.

The ugly *Guard-house* and belfry, now disfiguring the square, was preceded by a much uglier edifice: a shabby, old, second-hand, wooden house, occupied as barracks by the Public Guard, under the command of Captain Quarrier. The grounds immediately around it were bedecked with the shirts of the soldiers and the chemises of their wives, which flaunted on clothes-lines, and pigs, poultry and children enlivened the scene.

The *Capitol* itself, not then stuccoed, exposed its bare brick walls between the columns or pilasters. The roof was once flat, if I mistake not, and paved with tiles, and, like Noah's Ark, "was pitched without, with pitch." But as a hot sun caused the pitch to flow down the gutters, and the rains to enter the halls, an

elevated roof was substituted. In process of time, the attic thus formed was converted into an arsenal. The building and the fire-arms being perhaps considered fire-proof, or the risk not considered at all. Even at this day, a most valuable deposit, the *State Library*, is at risk in the combustible upper part of the Capitol, and the inestimable *statue of Washington*, by *Houdon*, may one day be destroyed, as was Canova's spendid one at Raleigh, N. C. A handsome fire-proof building should be erected for the preservation of both, and of other objects of value.

The *Governor's House* preceding the present one, was a very plain wooden building of two stories, with only two moderate sized rooms on the first floor. It was for many years unconscious of paint, and the furniture was in keeping with the republican simplicity of the edifice, and of its occupants, from Henry and Jefferson down to Monroe and Page. The palings around the yard were usually in a dilapidated condition, and the goats that sported on the steep hill sides of the Capitol Square, claimed and exercised the liberty of grazing on his Excellency's grounds.

The cows are now endeavoring to establish a similar claim to the grass and onions on

the public square, in the very face of the sentry.*

The old residence of the Governors of Virginia might usually have boasted that, if it had in itself no claims to distinction, its occupants had many.

Two articles of furniture of the colonial times are extant in the Capitol, namely: the *Speaker's chair* of the House of Burgesses, originally decorated with the royal arms. This was removed from Williamsburg, and is now, though shorn of its regal emblems, occupied by the Speaker of the House of Delegates.

The tall *stove* which warmed those colonial and independent halls, in succession, for about sixty years, and for the last twenty-five has served to warm the central hall, in which stands Houdon's statue of Washington, is a work of note. This stove bears also the British arms and other embellishments in re-

* Since writing the above, posts have been planted at each gate, about two feet apart, which, while they exclude the cows, may also practically exclude fashionable ladies from the Capitol Square, now that the *Eugenie hoops* have become in vogue, and are adopted indiscriminately by those who have or have not the same motive that induced the Empress to introduce them. It would be impracticable for a fashionable hoop, without considerable coaxing, to pass between the barriers which are placed to obstruct the entrance of the cows.

lief, and they remain perfect, being as indestructible as the structure they decorate, for the stove is truly a structure of three stories.

The founder of it, Buzaglo, was proud of his work, and when it was shipped from London, he thus writes to "My Lord" (Botetourt,) dated August 15th, 1770: "*The elegance of workmanship does honour to Great Britain. It excels in grandeur anything ever seen of the kind, and is a master-piece not to be equalled in all Europe. It has met with general applause, and could not be sufficiently admired!!!*" The reader is advised to draw a long breath, and pause awhile, till his admiration subsides.

This "warming machine," as Buzaglo called it, this master-piece of art and science, doomed to carry his name to posterity, was presented to the House of Burgesses by the Duke of Beaufort. It has survived three British monarchs, and been cotemporaneous with three kingly monarchies, two republics and two imperial governments in France—but of only one constellation of republics in the United States,—I hope and trust "*one and indivisible, now and forever!*"

The grounds of the Capitol Square were originally laid out by Mons. Godefroï, a French

gentleman of skill and taste, according to the formal style, where

> "Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
> And half the terrace just reflects the other."

He certainly reduced chaos to order, and made the grounds very handsome, and wonderfully regular, considering their original irregularity. But now "half the terrace" does not "reflect the other." The west side has been modernized according to an irregular plan, adapted to it by Mr. Notman, of Philadelphia. Some dozen flights of stone steps are dispensed with; the straight lines of trees are being gradually thrown into disorder. But the east side, like a prim old maid, retains its formality for the present, and serves to show the contrast between the formal and the picturesque styles. But the great and striking embellishment of the square will be the *Washington Monument*, now ready for the erection of the statuary on their pedestals.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD RESIDENCES.

WHEN *Shockoe hill* began to change its aspect from fields and forests, to streets and squares, the greater portion of the latter was held by wealthy and by professional gentlemen. The bar of Richmond toward the close of the last century possessed a greater number of members of distinguished talent, than almost any other in the Union—and many of them resided on Shockoe hill.

To each residence, with few exceptions, was attached the ground of an entire square of two acres, or at least that of half a square. A strong contrast to what may now be seen, when the old domicile and its appurtenances are supplanted and occupied by twenty or more tenements If the crowding system continues to contract our space, we may presently emulate the bee-hive system of Baltimore, where a man can scarcely stand with his arms a-kimbo on his front steps, without jostling his neighbor, if he happens to be in a similar position.

Among the oldest and most respectable of the occupants of Shockoe hill was the Ambler family, of which the *Treasurer Jaquelin Ambler* was the head—his own residence yet stands, between Marshall and Clay streets, and is occupied by one of his sons-in-law. His daughters were married to gentlemen who built their dwellings not far from the paternal mansion, and a distinguished circle they formed. *Chief Justice* (*then General*) *Marshall* is entitled to priority. His residence yet stands on the street named in his honor, but the grounds have been reduced one half, and a number of fine dwellings erected on them, between Eighth and Ninth streets. Of Judge Marshall I will not presume to say more, than, that his personal appearance and deportment as a citizen were of the most unpretending character—of true republican simplicity—but natural, not assumed—his dress was plain even to negligence, of which he seemed unconscious. He marketed for himself, and might be seen at an early hour returning home, with a pair of fowls, or a basket of eggs in his hand, not with ostentatious humility, but for mere convenience. His style of travelling to and from Raleigh, N. C., about 175 miles each

way, to preside at the Federal Court held there, was for many years, in that primitive sort of vehicle, a stick gig, (or chair as it was then called) with one horse and with no attendant. The modest and unassuming simplicity of his character is evinced to the last, in the inscription which he directed for his tombstone:

"John Marshall, son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born the 24th of September, 1755. Intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler, the 3d of January, 1783. Departed this life the 6th of July, 1835."

A fine and correct portrait of Judge Marshall and of some other old citizens, may be seen in the studio of the worthy artist Mr. Martin. This portrait of the Chief Justice should decorate some public hall.

Col. *Edward Carrington*, also a soldier of the Revolution, married another of the Misses Ambler, a most excellent lady, as was each of her sisters. He was a member of the Old Congress in 1785–6. The high estimation in which Col. Carrington was held by his personal friend General Washington, is shown by his selection of him to be Quarter Master General, when in 1798 war with

France was expected, and an organization of officers formed for the crisis.

Under John Adams's administration, Col. Carrington held the office of Commissioner of the Revenue of the United States for Virginia; direct taxes being then resorted to, in consequence of the depredations on our commerce.

The very humble edifice, yet standing, shaded by an old Catalpa tree, at the northwest corner of Marshall and Eleventh streets, was the office of the Commissioner. His residence which was demolished a few years ago, was on the same square, fronting on Clay street. Col. Carrington was a man of dignified deportment, which was well sustained by his tall and massive figure. He was a pure patriot, and pure in all the relations of life. He died October 28th, 1810—aged 61.

Daniel Call, a distinguished lawyer, married another of the sisters Ambler, and his residence on the square between the Capitol and Broad street, was also taken down a few years ago to be substituted by Mr. Valentine's large store.

George Fisher married a fourth sister, and he, a retired merchant, and one of our oldest citizens, is the survivor of all that I have

mentioned, and is the occupant of the patriarchal mansion of Treasurer Ambler.

One other of the name, Major Ambler, had his residence and domain nearly opposite to Col. Carrington's on the brow of the hill commanding a splendid landscape, where Mrs. Bruce's fine mansion has supplanted its ruinous predecessor. Previous to Major Ambler's occupancy, it was the residence of Lewis Burwell, a gentleman of the old school in dress and style of living.

Judge P. N. Nicholas resided on the opposite square, and B. Watkins Leigh, the eminent jurist and statesman, on the adjoining one; but many years later than the old residents I have named. The house he occupied was built by Dr. McClurg, whose granddaughter Miss Wickham, was Mr. Leigh's second wife. The name of Leigh is distinguished in our annals, civil and political.

On the square east of Treasurer Ambler's, was the mansion of Col. John Harvie, Register of the Land Office. He removed to the fine country seat, Belvidere, built by Col. Byrd, the son of the founder of Richmond, beyond its western limit, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. After passing through various hands, its last

occupants were a number of families of iron workers, and thus, "fallen from its high estate," it was recently destroyed by fire.

The city residence of Col. Harvie, shaded by noble elms, became that of the celebrated lawyer, John Wickham, the eloquent, the witty, and the graceful. After him, it had many successive occupants.

TO A FAIR FRIEND, WHO WAS AMONG THE LATEST OF THESE, AND ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST, GENTLEST, AND FAIREST, THAT HAD GRACED THOSE HALLS, AND WHO GRACED THEM FOR SEVERAL YEARS, THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED.

Mr. Wickham sold this residence, and erected a splendid dwelling on the same square. The site of the former one is now occupied by the spacious edifice of the Baptist Female Institute.

A son of Col. Harvie, with a higher military title, and who married a daughter of Judge Marshall, built on and occupies the square north of the Ambler house.*

On Marshall street, opposite to the Ambler square, we now pass the former residence of Alexander Botts, a learned member of the bar, who was one of the victims of the conflagration at the theatre, in 1811. He was

* This gentleman died since the above was written.

the father of John Minor Botts, the conspicuous politician.

On the same square with Mr. Botts's, stands the many-angled house erected by Alexander McRae, a lawyer of eminence, but, in the latter part of his career, Consul at Paris. When a candidate for the legislature on one occasion, his opponent was Samuel McCraw, also a lawyer, who occupied a square at the upper end of Grace street—now Mr. Tate's. During the canvass, a brother lawyer, whose talents, unlike Mr. McRae's, greatly exceeded in proportion his corporeal dimensions, composed a sort of parody of one of Swift's effusions, but not like that, obnoxious to decency, running thus—

"Hurray for McRae and Hurrau for McCraw!
Hurray and Hurrau for McRae and McCraw!
Hurrau for McCraw and Hurray for McRae!
Hurrau and Hurray for McCraw and McRae!
Hurrau for McRae and Hurray for McCraw!
Hurray and Hurrau for McRae and McCraw!
Hurray for McCraw and Hurrau for McRae!
Hurrau and Hurray for McCraw and McRae!!"

At a subsequent election, Mr. McRae being present when Mr. Thomas Taylor voted for the candidate whose cause Mr. McRae espoused, he said, "Mr. Taylor, that is the first correct vote you ever gave." "Perhaps

it is," replied Mr. T. in his blandest manner, "for I once gave a vote to you, Mr. McRae."

Continuing up Marshall street we pass the Railway work-shops, where formerly stood the residence of George Pickett, and nearly opposite stands that erected by his partner, Robert Pollard—the quiet and peaceable gentleman, who offered, a little sarcastically, to relinquish his horse rather than stand a law-suit.

As I have introduced Mr. Pickett, I am reminded of an instance of Yankee cuteness, which I heard him relate. A Connecticut trader came to Richmond with a cargo of Yankee notions, and in addition to the customary medley he had a few casks of fine Madeira wine. In seeking customers for such commodities he would of course call on Mr. Pickett. He proffered to him a bargain in apples, onions, fish and Hingham buckets, at all which, particularly the onions and fish, Mr. Pickett turned up his nose. The trader then mentioned the wine, at which Mr. P. rather smacked his lips, and was invited, with some other connoisseurs, to test its flavor. It proved quite satisfactory and the price was not unreasonable. Mr. P. who was not dull at bargaining, told the Yankee that he had

no money to lay out in wine, but he had some Western lands on the Ohio, and if they would serve for payment, he would take a few casks. The Yankee demurred at the barter but would consider of it, if Mr. P. would take the "Sarce" and other notions; which being disdainfully rejected, the chaffering was closed—or rather suspended; for soon after the trader called at Mr. P.'s counting room in a careless way, and the offer of the lands was repeated, and that of the onions, &c., urged as a *sine qua non*. At length the Yankee asked to look at the land warrants and surveys, and from among them, selected one or more, which he said contained as much land as he could take. The prices were after due higgling agreed on, the barter was made and so were the conveyances. After the deeds and the wines had been duly delivered, Mr. Pickett said to "the party of the second part," "Now, my friend, let me give you a piece of advice, don't again buy wild lands unless you have seen them." The Yankee thanked Mr. P. for his advice, and not willing to be exceeded in generosity, said he "would offer some in return, which was, never to *sell* wild lands until you have seen them." "Why," said Mr. P. "what do you

know about the land?" To which the reply was "I have traded on the Ohio and looked about the country; examined the soil and the advantages of situation, and found out who were the owners of such as I liked best. In fact Mr. Pickett, I came to Richmond to buy this tract of land from you. It contains water power and other advantages, and I would not part with it for five times what it cost me." This land was, if I am not misinformed, at the confluence of the Muskingum and Ohio, and became the site of Marietta.

I will also mention a curious circumstance I heard from Mr. Pollard. A man in Connecticut wrote to him, requesting that Mr. P. would address a letter to him, stating his wish to buy a certain piece of land in the West, for which he would give a good price, say $10,000, promising that the offer should not be used to Mr. P.'s injury, nor should he be considered as committing himself by it. The applicant added, that he wished to use the letter to effect a sale he had in view, and he would on any other occasion render a similar service to Mr. Pollard!

Charles Johnson, afterwards President of the Farmers' Bank in Lynchburg, was a partner with Pickett & Pollard, and these

gentlemen dealt very largely in Western lands, which may account for the two affairs I have mentioned.

Mr. Johnston, when a very young man, in 1789, accompanied a party in an attempt to descend the Ohio. They were made prisoners by the Indians, most of them killed, and he, one of the few survivors, after dreadful sufferings, and once even at the point of being burned at the stake, was, after a long march, sold to a humane Frenchman, an Indian trader from Detroit, who carried Mr. Johnston there, treated him most kindly and furnished him with the means of returning home. Many years afterwards Mr. Johnston had the satisfaction of welcoming in Virginia his deliverer, Mr. Dechouquet. A narrative of these events was published by Mr. Johnston in 1827.

The large and respectable old mansion on the summit of Gamble's hill, overlooking the Armory, and all the country around, was erected, but left unfinished by Colonel Randolph (the father of Governor T. M. Randolph), whose second wife was the daughter of Colonel J. Harvie, of Belvidere, and after the death of Colonel Randolph, became the wife of Dr. John Brockenbrough, who was

for many years Cashier and President of the Bank of Virginia, and more recently proprietor of the Warm Springs, where he died in 1853.

The mansion was purchased and finished and occupied by Colonel Robert Gamble, who in advanced years, but still an active merchant, and I should add a most estimable citizen, was accidentally killed by being thrown from his horse. His sons and partners in trade, John and Robert, were valuable citizens in both civil and military capacities. The former commanded the Light Infantry Blues, and the latter the Richmond Troop of Horse, and were in service in the war of 1812. They were among the first adventurers to Florida, after its cession to the United States, and among its most enterprizing and valuable citizens. John died in 1853, and Robert is yet an active and energetic man. When the Indians were committing depredations around him, he remained unharmed, because he had always been kind to them. One of their sisters became the wife of William Wirt, and the other of W. H. Cabell, at one time Governor of Virginia, and afterwards President of the Court of Appeals.

The extensive grounds around the old

mansion have been divided and subdivided until but a small portion remains attached to it. It is now flanked on one side by a Gothic tower, on the very apex of the hill; a distant view of which gives to the hill a Rhenish aspect; but in the good old colonel's time the visitor at a nearer view would more likely be reminded of Madeira.

The following ludicrous anecdote is related by Kennedy in his Life of Wirt, concerning some of the personages above named. It occurred, in 1803, when Mr. Wirt was awaiting Colonel Gamble's sanction to his marriage with Miss Gamble.

"Colonel Gamble had occasion, one summer morning, to visit his future son-in-law's office. It unluckily happened that Wirt had the night before, brought some young friends there, and they had had a merry time of it, which so beguiled the hours, that even now, at sunrise, they had not separated. The Colonel opened the door, little expecting to find any company there at that hour. His eyes fell on the strangest group! There stood Wirt with the poker in his right hand, the sheet iron blower on his left arm, which was thrust through the handle; on his head was a tin washbasin, and as to the rest of his

dress, it was hot weather and the hero of this grotesque scene had dispensed with as much of his trappings as comfort might require, substituting for them a light wrapper, that greatly aided the theatrical effect. There he stood, in this whimsical caparison, reciting with great gesticulation Falstaff's onset on the thieves, his back to the door. The opening of it attracted the attention of all. We may imagine the queer look of the anxious probationer, as Colonel Gamble, with grave and mannerly silence, bowed and withdrew, closing the door behind him without the exchange of a word."

The spot on which the First Presbyterian Church now stands was formerly occupied by the humble residence of a distinguished man and eminent lawyer, *Edmund Randolph*, who erected and afterwards occupied the mansion between that church and the City Hall.

On the square west of the Capitol, and on part of which stands St. Paul's Church, *Bushrod Washington* built a small office, which may yet be seen in rear of the church. I will venture to record an anecdote which I have heard of this distinguished gentleman and his illustrious relative. When practicing law in Richmond, in early life, during the

presidency of *Washington*, his friends urged Bushrod Washington to apply for the office of district attorney in the United States Court for Virginia. He did so, but, it is said, with some hesitation. *Washington* in reply, asked him if he had perceived anything in his conduct to justify such a request, and whether he could suppose that he would use the patronage of his office for the benefit of any one connected with him, however worthy? I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I am strongly impressed with it, and I may add that the principle was not adopted as a precedent by Washington's successors; some of whom pursued a diametrically opposite course, and seemed to consider consanguinity a sufficient qualification for office, without any other. Bushrod Washington was deemed worthy by his uncle's successor to fill a much higher station, and was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. He resided at Mount Vernon after the death of Washington, but removed from Richmond, I think, previously to that event.

The square on which his office stands was purchased by George Hay, a lawyer of eminence, who became District Attorney under Mr. Jefferson, and who erected the present

residence, fronting the Capitol square. He was prosecuting attorney at the trial of Aaron Burr, and had to encounter an array of talent rarely exceeded at any bar—but he did not fight single handed, though against great odds.

On the square south of the Capitol, where the United States is now erecting a Court Room, Custom House and Post Office, resided one of the most eminent physicians and talented men of his time—which is no faint praise. I mean Dr. James McClurg. He served in the Medical staff during the Revolutionary war, and was declared to be the most skilful and accomplished medical officer in the division of the army, serving in this part of the Union. He was a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, but did not sign it.

His original residence in Richmond was a small Dutch roofed wooden house, recently demolished, as has been a portion of the larger one of brick erected near it by the doctor, and afterwards occupied by the Bank of Virginia. His third and most spacious dwelling was built on Grace street, the grounds attached to it extending to Broad street. Now shorn of a large portion of superfluous terri-

tory, but retaining a spacious one it is occupied by Dr. C. B. Gibson. A short biography of Dr. McClurg, who was the uncle of Dr. McCaw, has been published by a grandson of the latter.

On the square west of the last mentioned residence on Grace street, stood the old fashioned double winged, triple porticoed house of Major Du Val, one of the last of the cocked hats, satin shorts and bag wigs.

For the information of my younger readers I will tell them, that a bag wig was furnished with a black silk plaited appendage, something like a lady's reticule, (and entitled to the appellation of a gentleman's ridicule). The queue or tail of the wig was inserted into this bag, which was drawn tightly at the top to retain the hair and dangled behind like a pendulum.

The Du Val lot was said to be the scene of Ralph Ringwood's adventure as told by Washington Irving. It was afterwards occupied by the celebrated William Wirt, but like many cotemporary wooden structures, it has of late years changed its location, and retired to one in the suburbs.

On the opposite square stood the unpretending abode of that learned, wise and ex-

cellent man, George Wythe, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and whose life is interwoven with the history of Virginia, from his early manhood to his latest years.

He was a conspicuous member of the Convention that formed the Federal Constitution, but did not sign it; ten years previously to which, on the organization of the government of Virginia, he was appointed Chancellor of the Court of Equity, which arduous office he filled until his death. This occurred on the 8th of June, 1806, and was believed to have been caused by poison, administered by a youthful relative whom he had cherished and who expected to inherit his estate—but no convicting evidence was adduced. The miscreant was disappointed in his object, for Mr. Wythe had changed his will and disinherited him a few days before his death.

Does any tombstone mark the spot where this good and wise and learned jurist and patriot was buried? Virginia would honor herself more than she would him by such a memorial.

The square on which he resided was pre-eminent as was its owner. It was on the highest spot in the City, as ascertained by Mr. Watkins, who first surveyed it, and who

erected a small dwelling on the same square, which was taken down not many years ago, to be replaced by Mr. Dunlop's residence.

On the square west of the Chancellor's, and at the corner of Franklin and Fifth streets, lived John Warden, a Scotchman—one of the best read and worst featured, most good tempered and most ill formed; but among the most well informed members of the Richmond bar—his mind and body were a bundle of contrasts. His ugliness was so attractive and so strongly marked, that the boys used to amuse themselves in drawing likenesses of his short thick figure, crooked legs and satyr-like features on the walls of the Court room. But his talents, wit and humor compensated for the externals, in which nature had been so niggardly.

On one occasion in Court, when Mr. Wickham and Mr. Hay were adverse counsel, the former got the latter into a dilemma. On which Mr. Warden whispered to Mr. Wirt, "Habet fenum in cornu,"* who extemporised the following Epigram:

"Wickham one day in open court
Was tossing Hay about for sport:
Jock rich in Wit and Latin too,
Cried "Habet fenum in cornu."

* "He has hay on his horns." The Romans tied hay on the horns

Mr. Warden retained with his broad Scotch dialect his allegiance to the mother country, and looked rather contemptuously on Republicanism in its infancy, and on its rebel representatives. The following is ascribed to him, and also to a brother Scotchman—I cannot say which is entitled to it. During a session of the Legislature, he was reported to have uttered contemptuous expressions concerning that body. The Sergeant-at-arms arrested and brought him to the bar of the house. The Speaker charged him with the offence and required him to retract it on his knees, or he should be sent to prison. The sarcastic Scot assumed the prescribed humble position, and thus apologized: "Mr. Speaker, I confess I did say that your honors were not fit to carry guts to a bear—I now retract that assertion, and acknowledge that you are fit." Then slowly rising, he brushed the dust from his knees—muttered "a dommed dirty hoose," made his bow and retired, amid the mirth and mortification of the members and the bystanders.

The residence of the celebrated and eccen-

of mischievous Cattle, both as a caution and as a protection to those who approached them. Hence the term was applied to "a dangerous fellow."

tric Alexander Campbell was the same that Mr. Warden afterwards occupied. His name appears in the constellation of lawyers that shone in the early days of the Commonwealth. He was a materialist in faith, or rather in the lack of faith, and in the singular will he made, in 1795, he says, "I hope no tombstone will be raised over me, because it will merely hinder something from growing on the spot. If all men had tombstones erected over their graves, the earth, in a few centuries, would be one entire pavement."

Descending Fifth street from Mr. Warden's, we first pass the house surmounted by a cupola (a questionable ornament to a dwelling), once occupied by John Barrett, the father of the gentleman who now lives near the same spot. We next pass the square formerly occupied by the Singleton family, now by Mr. Hobson and other gentlemen, and then we descend to the square of William Hay, on which a tall collonade is now seen, and many other buildings are erected. Opposite to this is the handsome residence, built and long occupied by Joseph Marx, an enterprising merchant and valuable citizen. Here terminated the residences in old times, except that of William Munford, who filled the office of Clerk

of the House of Delegates for many years, and left a worthy successor to the station in his eldest son. The metrical translation of Homer, by Mr. Munford, published after his death, is pronounced, by eminent Greek scholars, to be the most faithful one extant.

The house now occupied by John Robertson Esq., (late Judge,) was, more than fifty years ago, the residence of his father, William Robertson, Clerk of the Council, who there reared a large family. Bolling Robertson, Governor of Louisiana, was one of his sons, and others were not undistinguished. They are descendants of Pocahontas, as the names of several members indicate. That Princess must have possessed a greater share of beauty than her portraits exhibit, if we may judge by that of her female descendants, who are distinguished for it.

The spacious square on Franklin street between Second and Third, retained its full dimensions during about fifty years' occupancy by its quiet and unaspiring proprietor, Anthony Robinson, except that, in the latter years of his life, he apportioned a part of it to one of his sons, on which to erect a residence. His own yet stands.

An antique dwelling, half brick, half wood,

with the square on which it stood, on the south side of Main, between Second and Third streets, was the residence many years ago, of Major Andrew Dunscombe, a soldier of the Revolution and a gentleman of the olden time. He was, I think, a Master in Chancery of Judge Wythe's Court, and if I mistake not, he erected Goodall's tavern (the Indian Queen), since called the *Washington*, and now the *Monument*. The small brick office which he occupied has just now (1855) been taken down, to make room for an addition to the hotel. The name of Dunscombe, most worthily represented by the Major, no longer exists in our community. A brother of his was Clerk of the Federal Court in New York many years ago.

Among the broad spaces formerly occupied by old citizens, was the square extending from Franklin to Main and from Seventh to Eighth streets, on which stood, on the summit of a high hill, the residence of Archibald Blair, Clerk of the City Council, opposite to where the United Presbyterian Church now stands. At the foot of the hill was a pond, fed by a spring and shaded by forest trees and shrubs. The hill and the trees have been cut down, the pond has been filled up, and

Mr. Stewart's row of fine dwellings covers a part of the leveled surface. The front on Main street remains unimproved, and less attractive than when in a state of nature. Mr. Blair's territories extended over one or two other squares, which have also submitted to the leveling system.

His neighbor, John Graham, a Scotchman, and among the first to engage in coal-mining, transplanted his vineyard from Main and Twelfth street, (where a tall edifice and several less aspiring ones rear their fronts) to the square above Mr. Blair's, now built up chiefly by Mr. William Allen. A portion of this square contains the former residence of the late Mr. John Robinson, for fifty years clerk of various Courts, according to the changes of organization, and one of his sons became his successor in that which he last filled. His other sons are distinguished, one as a jurist, and two others by their connexion with railroads. Another portion of the Graham square contains the fine edifices erected by the Messrs. James and occupied as the Arlington House. Such was the inequality of the ground in this part of the city, that Mr. Allen had to build *two stories above the foundations* to reach

the surface of the street, while on the next square the original surface was *as high as the second stories* of the present dwellings.

On an adjoining square, Mr. Edward Cunningham, an Irish gentleman, engaged in the milling and mercantile business, erected a capacious dwelling, afterwards the residence of the late Dr. Watson, and still occupied by his family.

The occupant of this lot in the last century was John Dobie whose house now forms an office within the yard. He was the architect of the Capitol, if not a capital architect, as the want of symmetry in the columns of that building would imply.

One of the dwellings between the Washington Tavern and the Catholic church was the residence of John Brown, for many years Clerk of the General Court, and a most accomplished one in all that regarded the duties of the station. In his office and under his instruction, was formed that corps of clerks so distinguished for the beauty and neatness of their records, in many Virginia courts, some years ago. John Robinson was one of them, and served for fifty years after the death of his predecessor. Mr. Brown accompanied General Marshall as his secretary, when he went to

Paris with Pinckney and Gerry, Envoys Extraordinary to the French republic. James Brown Jr., late Auditor, is the only surviving member of his father's family.

Two fine elm trees, planted probably before the introduction of those upstarts, the Lombardy poplars, are all that remain to designate the former residence, at the corner of Broad and Seventh streets, of John Hopkins, Commissioner of Loans of the United States, and of the distinguished occupant who succeeded him, John A. Chevallie, of whom I shall probably take occasion to speak elsewhere.

On the north side of Broad, between Second and Third streets, yet stands a wooden building (as most of that date were), the former residence of the Braxton family, whose inclosure embraced the square—now built up with shops, the names on which would indicate a German colony. Indeed, the line of Broad street is occupied chiefly by Germans, as is a considerable portion of many other streets. The Braxtons removed to their estates on the Pamunky many years ago, and that family and the community, sustained a heavy loss about two years since, in the sud-

den death of General Braxton, of Chericoke, a most estimable man and useful citizen.

The dwelling at the south-west corner of Grace and Seventh streets, with the front extending to Sixth, including the ground now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, was in 1800 the residence of Mr. Brydie, a Scotch merchant of the firm of McClure, Brydie & Co. Mr. McClure was a gentleman of scientific pursuits, and his name will be found in annals of that character.

Mr. McCredie, who on the death of Mr. Brydie, became his successor both in his mercantile and domestic establishments, met with his death in a manner that created great excitement in the city. On occasion of an alarm of fire, he was hastening across the Capitol Square, when the sentry hailed him. He did not hear, or did not heed the challenge, and the sentry most unwarrantably fired and shot him dead.

The commercial house of McClure, Brydie & Co., was one of the first in the city in respectability as well as seniority. It was located near Shocco Warehouse, and on the steep, and now dirty alley extending down to Virginia street, may yet be seen a portion of

the stone wall which enclosed their premises of the same extent.

The death of Mr. McCredie reminds me of another that occurred near the same spot. Col. Tatem, an old soldier, and either very eccentric or deranged, and moreover poor, determined to close his life on the fourth of July. He took his station near the artillery, when a salute was being fired, and watching his opportunity, stepped in front of a cannon at the moment the match was applied. His body was blown to atoms.

An unpretending wooden building near the corner of Leigh and Fifth streets was the residence of the Rev. Richard Channing Moore, Bishop of Virginia. What would an English Primate think of such a palace?

This worthy minister was invited, in November, 1813, by Bushrod Washington, then residing at Mount Vernon and E. J. Lee at Alexandria, to take charge of the Episcopal church then building at Richmond (the Monumental), with the intention to make him Bishop of the Diocese, which was effected, and in 1814, he was consecrated at Philadelphia. This reverend prelate was much beloved, not only by those of his own church, but by the community generally. He died at

Lynchburg, in November, 1841, while in the performance of his episcopal duties, at the age of seventy-nine.

One of the few residences on L, now Leigh, between Seventh and Eighth streets, was that of the Southall family, a name then and now conspicuous. Their successor on Leigh street was Patrick Gibson, a respectable merchant, connected in business with a nephew of Mr. Jefferson. Of late years, Mr. Mills has been the proprietor of these extensive grounds.

I must insert a few omissions which I discover in my Shocco Hill rambles. The Powhatan House, opposite to the City Hall, is an extension and elevation of the former residence, store and strong-hold of Wright Southgate, once an officer in the British navy. A very high wall, protected against escalade by a capping of broken glass, enclosed the grounds, and each opening on the ground floor was secured by chains, bolts, bars and bells. Two of his nephews were among the most respectable and enterprising merchants in Norfolk, and one of his sons, sent penniless from home, attained to eminence and great wealth in Kentucky.

Adjoining this castle was the cottage of a worthy old couple, Jacob Cohen and his wife,

whose residence dates back some twenty years in the last century. Their cottage is supplanted by the handsome block of dwellings erected by Mr. Jaquelin Taylor.

Opposite to this, on Twelfth street, was the residence of Mr. Samuel Myers (lately embellished by Mr. Crump), and of his neighbor, Mr. Wiseham, of hospitable memory, now substituted by Mr. Morson's three fine dwellings.

On the theatre square, north of Mr. Myers', and built after the model of his, were the residences of Mr. Prosser and Mr. Moncure, partners in an extensive auction business. One of these is now "the Carleton House." Mr. Myers' son has introduced a different style of architecture, and an improved one, in his dwelling adjoining the paternal homestead.

On the lot where the First Baptist Church stands, and adjoining the residence in old times, of Charles Copland, attorney, James Heron, a retired merchant and worthy citizen, was preparing to erect a comfortable residence for his old age, and commenced by building a capacious kitchen. But just as the walls were erected, he, by the imprudent exercise of a close inspection, met with a fall which proved fatal. The kitchen, converted into a dwelling,

was long occupied by his family, and by John G. Blair, who married one of the daughters.

The square on the south side of Franklin, between First and Second streets, was the residence of Charles Ellis, of the long existing firm of Ellis & Allan, worthy members of our community for nearly half a century. This unpretending residence, now overtopped by those around, is still occupied by his family. The square opposite to it was Mr. Ellis's garden, embellished by a row of fine Linden trees along its front. Most of the Lindens have disappeared, but have given their name to the square, now built up with fine residences. A few of the trees have survived the trimming process, their scarred trunks almost bereft of branches and of beauty. If there are "tongues in trees," as the great poet imagined, each limb would cry aloud "against the deep damnation of its taking off." Those who wantonly or tastelessly mutilate trees can have neither poetry nor "music in their souls, and are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." This is a general plea in favor of the groves, not a special one in the case before us. But if the Lindens have disappeared, the square can now boast of superior attractions, in beauties of a more animated nature; and these, while yet

in bloom, will doubtless be severed from the parent stem, but not like the Lindens, to disappear, both root and branch.

I fear that my readers will think I am imposing on them an antiquated directory, in which they feel as little interest as in any similar compilations; but I trust that some of the survivors may be willing to take a retrospect of the homes of their parents and more remote ancestors, and of others who conferred distinction on our metropolis. I will therefore venture to continue the subject—indeed, I must do so, in justice to some memorable personages whom I have omitted as yet to mention. Among these is *Albert Gallatin*, the distinguished financier and statesman. He came to Richmond a young man, entrusted with the recovery of some claims, and although he could with difficulty express himself in English, his talents were very soon discovered by Patrick Henry and others.

I will venture to relate an anecdote which I have heard concerning Mr. Gallatin, though I cannot vouch for its authenticity. When he came to Richmond, he boarded in the house of Mrs. Allegre, to whose daughter he became attached, and he asked the mother to sanction his addresses. The old lady was quite wroth

at his presumption, and seizing a spit, threatened to transfix and baste him, if *he* dare aspire to her daughter! She must have relented however, for the marriage took place and I hope the indignant old lady lived to see her son-in-law a member of Congress, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister Plenipotentiary.

It is said that Mr. Gallatin consulted Mr. Marshall (afterwards Chief Justice) about studying the law, but was advised to turn his attention to statesmanship and finance. The result proved his correct estimate of Mr. Gallatin's talents.

The taste of Mr. Gallatin, a native of Switzerland, would naturally prefer a hilly to a level surface, and he occupied a residence on a square between Leigh and Clay, and Seventh and Eighth streets, through which runs a deep ravine, or valley rather, for its slopes are well wooded with native growths and retain the wild aspect of nature. This house was erected by a French gentleman, and was rendered singular in appearance by its tall, round chimneys. It was afterwards the residence of Dr. McCaw, a gentleman whom I have elsewhere spoken of, and to him succeeded Mr. Conway Robinson, who has erected a new dwelling on

the same square, which retains its wild, natural aspect; but Mr. Gallatin's house can no longer be recognized, being divested of all its original features.

In my progress down Fifth street, I omitted to mention the former residence of Major Gibbon, an officer of the Revolution, and distinguished early in life as a leader of one section of the forlorn hope at Stony Point, in 1779. He was for many years Collector of Customs for the port of Richmond, and resided at the corner of Main and Fifth streets. His inclosure embraced the ground now occupied by the Second Presbyterian Church and by private residences up to Franklin street.

Another extensive domicil in the same neighborhood, is opposite to Major Gibbon's, on the south side of Main street. As the property of David Meade Randolph it embraced the entire square, on part of which stands the Second Baptist Church, several handsome dwellings and the extensive carpenter-shops of the industrious brothers, Gibson.

Mr. Randolph was Marshal of Virginia until the election of Mr. Jefferson, and being one of those federal office-holders who would "neither die nor resign," the only alternative was to remove him. A gentleman, whose

propensity for discovering and conferring names was one of his characteristics—Mr. E. W. Rootes—dubbed the Randolph establishment *Moldavia*, after Molly and David, its mistress and master. Mrs. Randolph was one of the remarkable and distinguished persons of her day. When her husband was deprived of the office of Marshal, he found it necessary to sell his house and to retrench his establishment, which had not probably been an economical one. Mrs. R., who lacked neither energy nor industry, determined to open a boarding-house, feeling assured that those who had, in her prosperity, partaken of her hospitality, would second her exertions when in adversity. The friend who had named Moldavia, now conferred on her the title of Queen, and aided in enlisting subjects for her new realm. This was on *Carey* street (a name which she conferred), in a house which now constitutes a small portion of the Columbian Hotel. It was then a quiet spot, with very few houses in its immediate vicinity. The Queen soon attracted as many subjects as her dominions could accommodate, and a loyal set they generally were. There were few more festive boards than the Queen's. Wit, humor and good-fellowship prevailed, but excess

rarely. Social evenings were also enjoyed, and discord never intruded. In the course of a few years, noise and dust interfered with the royal comfort, and the throne and its supporters were transferred to a more pleasant palace, where they remained until the abdication of the sovereign.

Moldavia passed into the possession of Mr. Gallego, the great miller, whose name and flour are known to bakers all over the civilized world, and some portion of the semi-barbarous. After Mr. Gallego's death, the worthy Scotch merchant John Allan, commonly called Jock, to distinguish him from his Irish and English namesakes, became Elector of Moldavia, and his successors retain the territory in its contracted boundaries. It was to Mr. Allan that the poet, Edgar Allan Poe, an orphan, was indebted for his education—and might have been for his promotion.

The square immediately above, and west of the Queen's ancient dominions on Carey street, now covered with blocks of warehouses, was occupied by Andrew Ronald, a native of Scotland and an eminent lawyer, who was one of the counsel opposed to Patrick Henry in 1791, in the great suit arising from the confiscation of British debts during the war of the Revo-

lution. Mr. Ronald's dwelling fronted the basin, or rather where the basin now is, and his garden was separated from Shocco Warehouse by the street and an open space between them. The present aspect of the place is anything but quiet and retired.

South from Mr. Ronald and beyond a deep ravine which the *supplementary* Gallego mills are now partly filling up, on the summit of a cliff overhanging the river and overlooking Haxall's mills, stands a wooden building, the former residence of the celebrated David Ross, the original owner of the mill, a Scotch merchant anterior to the Revolution. He became the possessor of most valuable lands and mines in various parts of Virginia, when Virginia was bounded by the Mississippi, and some of his descendants now reside, I believe, on a portion of his territories in the western regions, no longer in the Old Dominion. Mr. Ross was remarkable for his unerring judgment of the talents of others.

I must travel beyond the former limits of the city to mention a territory now partly included in them. I mean the lands and former residence of a most worthy citizen and enterprising merchant, the late Mr. Thomas Rutherfoord. The inclosure originally attached

to his dwelling embraced what now constitutes several squares, and his possessions beyond it were very many acres. I have heard that he became possessed of this extensive territory by the judicious investment of a thousand pounds, given to him as a wedding present by an uncle in Scotland, on the occasion of his marriage.

He furnished building-lots to various gentlemen, thus forming a good neighborhood around him, and I can recall, among those who first constituted it, the names of James Penn, John A. Chevallie, Thomas Wilson (mayor), David Bullock, William Price, Carter B. Page, and Robert Gwathmey; and in later years, General Pegram, President of the Virginia Bank, and that eminent lawyer and excellent man Samuel Taylor, both victims to casualties. I may also name G. W. Munford, Secretary of the Commonwealth, and J. R. Anderson, of iron fame, truly a man of metal, whose locomotives run on many a Southern and Western road, and whose cannon serve to arm our ships and forts. Mr. Rutherfoord's sons have clustered around the paternal mansion, which was partially destroyed by fire while in the occupancy of John Y. Mason, now Minster to France, who became the pur-

chaser and embellisher of it, but by a subsequent sale it has reverted to the eldest of the Rutherfoord family.

The name of John A. Chevallie has only been mentioned incidentally, but it merits a more special notice. He was a gentleman of the most scrupulous politeness, of fine literary attainments, and of extensive and varied information. He was brought up in the ante-revolutionary days of French society, and his manners conformed to it. He came to this country as agent for the Count Beaumarchais, who had, either as a secret agent of Louis XVI., or at his own outlay, furnished a large quantity of arms to the United States during the Revolutionary war. After many years of constant exertion, he succeeded in his object at last, if my memory serves.

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Chevallie, (a daughter of Judge Lyons) was the home of hospitality and cheerfulness, and a favorite resort of old and young. Previous to their residence near Mr. Rutherfoord, they occupied the house of John Hopkins, Commissioner of Loans, on Broad street corner of Seventh, now demolished, but then embowered in fine elms and sycamores.

I heard this anecdote from Mr. Chevallie,

among many others:—Count Beaumarchais, although an elegant courtier, had been a watchmaker, and of course was not of the old nobility. One of these sought to mortify him in a public assembly, by handing an elegant watch to him, saying it did not keep time, and he wished Beaumarchais to see what was amiss; who, taking it in his hands and attempting to open it, let it fall on the floor. He then expressed his regret, adding, that he had been so long out of practice he had become awkward, and bowing politely, he retired.

I must trespass on the patience of my readers a few moments longer, to mention the residences of some old citizens on Church Hill, &c., which should not be overlooked in story, as they cannot be in eminence of locality.

The Adams family, the original proprietors of the eastern portion of the city, occupied several of the squares in their own domain. The three brothers, Richard, Samuel and John, who resided there fifty or sixty years ago, but lived at a later period, have long since gone to their last homes, near to their first; but those they occupied in life have been improved in appearance under tasteful residents, as has that

of their distinguished neighbor and cotemporary, William Marshall, a brother of the Chief Justice and a lawyer of almost as great talent, which was partially obscured by his indolence.

Innis, an eminent lawyer, married a Miss Adams, and emigrated to Kentucky in its early days.

George Nicolson, once mayor of the city (as was also Dr. John Adams), resided on one of the adjacent and most commanding heights overlooking the city and the surrounding country. The land west of it and south of Mr. Marshall's, embracing the slope of the hill, has recently been purchased by the city for a public square. Mr. Nicolson's residence was destroyed by fire some years ago. His descendants are among our worthy citizens.

On Main street, near the foot of Church Hill, stood in old times and until lately, the residence of Friend Couch—a neat house, with a large garden attached. In my younger days this square was shaded on two sides by a number of spreading elms, the only row of trees on a mile of street. It was like an oasis in a desert, and furnished a refreshing shade to the pedestrian on a hot summer day—of which I can speak from experience. It was said that there were attractions also within the walls,

but these it was never my good fortune to enter. The house, the elms, the spacious garden with its flowers and bee-hives, have all disappeared; even the soil itself on which they stood, has been deeply excavated, to furnish bricks for the erection of other structures. But some of the former occupants who cultivated those flowers, still flourish, if not in immortal youth, in ripened years, engaged in the cultivation of social and benevolent avocations.

John Foster, a useful public servant, was one of their nearest neighbors; his residence yet stands, partially restored from the dilapidations of time and fire. John Strobia, a worthy father of a worthy and yet surviving son, Friend Clarke, and Col. David Lambert, father of the late mayor, were also their neighbors, but more remote. Their residences may yet be traced, and also some of their descendants, in other parts of the city.

A short distance east of where Seabrook Warehouse is built, was the pleasant and rural-looking residence of Adam Craig, Clerk of the Hustings Court. The green slope in rear of the house was washed at its base by a clear rivulet, which now flows, mixed with less pure waters, through a culvert to Shockoe

creek. The Clerk's office was in a very small Dutch-roofed house, at a corner of the lot on Grace and Nineteenth streets. Here Andrew Stevenson took his first lessons in legal lore. Robert Stanard, his cotemporary, married a daughter of Mr. Craig.

The ascent of Church Hill in old times, and even lately, could be attained by carriages on only one route—the road from Main street directly to the church-yard—and even this was "a hard road to travel," especially by funeral processions. The first time that I ascended it was on the solemn occasion of a funeral pageant, a few days after the death of Washington, when with other lads I followed at the close. Small as the population of the city then was, I doubt if a funeral procession of greater length has extended along the street than on that occasion, except at the funeral of Washington's friend and biographer, Judge Marshall, many years after.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAYOR.

"They laugh that win."

AMBITION prevails in every sphere, and even where it has no room "to expand itself," will seek to be the centre of a circle even of very limited circumference. Aspirants for city honors, though devoid of emolument, were as ambitious in former days as in the present. Among them was a worthy Irish blacksmith, who by dint of perseverance attained to the mayoralty, and his administration deserves to be recorded by the pen of a Knickerbocker. He was of the genuine Irish Bull breed, but his attainments in public speaking fell far short of some modern orators, of the Malaprop and Ramsbottom school, in amusing his hearers.

Butler's description of *his* hero, would apply to ours, for Mayor * * * * * * * was also Captain of militia; he was

"Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;

Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war as well as peace.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one and some the other,
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool."

He was a strict constructionist; and on one occasion, when applied to by an old woman for a search warrant to recover a turkey stolen from her, he referred to the magistrate's book of forms, in which he could find no mention of turkeys; but there was a form of a warrant to search for a stolen cow. After stating to the old lady the legal difficulty, he reflected a while and thus overcame it. "I will give you a warrant for a cow, and if in searching for a cow you find the turkey, you may take possession and bring it and the thief before me." Could Sancho Panza have been more judicious?

The worthy dignitary, by various similar exercises of his judicial functions, retained and increased his popularity, not only by administering justice, but by furnishing amusement to his constituents.

I can call to mind a practical joke played on him by a facetious member of the mu-

nicipality, who asserted as a curious fact, that a bottle could not be broken in an empty bag. The Mayor expressed his disbelief; and after an argument, in which various reasons were assigned, pro and con, the result was a bet of a bowl of punch for all the members of the Common Council, the Mayor being the champion of fracture. A fat old Dutch humorist, who lived at the corner opposite to the market, (where boots, shoes, bread and Brandreth's pills, have of late years shod, fed and physicked the market folks,) agreed to furnish the implements wherewith to decide the wager.

A large corner stone, planted to protect the sidewalk from cart-wheels, was selected as the antagonist to the bottle. The winning parties, (those who were to quaff the punch,) assembled, and a crowd of curious philosophers surrounded them.

Mr. Darmsdadt produced the bag and the bottle, turned the sack inside out and blew into the bottle, to show that all was fair. The bottle was then bagged, and the mouth of the bag was securely tied. The Mayor seized the sack with both hands, just below the ligature, and swung it as he had formerly swung a sledge-hammer. He then brought it down

with full force upon the stone. The glass rattled and the Mayor exclaimed, VICTORY! but the judges were desired to open the bag, when, lo and behold! it was found *not empty;* and his honor had to stand the punch and the laugh.

Joseph Darmsdadt, one of the actors in this scene, was as well known for many years, as the market square on which he lived. He was, as his name imports, a Hessian and, as I have heard, came to this country as a sutler, with the troops that were sold by their prince, at so much per head, to fight the battles of despotism. It was, no doubt, a fortunate arrangement for those of the mercenary troops who, like Mr. Darmsdadt, escaping the perils of war and the clutches of their prince, obtained freedom in the land they were sent to enslave.

Our Hessian citizen established himself in Richmond, not long after he renounced his foreign allegiance. He was a shrewd man, and as the valley beyond the Blue Ridge was settled by Germans, his knowledge of the language enabled him to attract the custom of the farmers, who drove their wagons to Richmond, laden with the products of the dairy, the mill, the forest and the chase.

The social disposition of Mr. Darmsdadt brought him into society, even the best. His own entertainments were given daily. Almost all our citizens, in those days, went early to market, to furnish their larders; and Mr. D. would have a large coffee-pot before his fireplace, of the contents of which, prepared by himself, many of his friends, judges, lawyers, doctors and merchants, partook, whenever they were so inclined—particularly on wet or cold mornings; and here the chit chat of the day was first heard, and much news was circulated from this social coffee-house. Its proprietor retained it and its customers some thirty or forty years, until his death.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAY-SCALE WAR.

"This bodes some strange eruption in our state."

SCARCELY any country or any community, however peaceably disposed and however well governed, can be always free from domestic feuds and internal commotions.

In the beginning of the present century, a dangerous feud arose in the city of Richmond, which threatened dismemberment or civil commotion. The origin of the controversy was no less important than the locating the first *hay-scale* erected in the city. As such a machine was considered beyond the skill of any American mechanic to construct, it was ordered from England, and on its arrival, the question arose, what part of the city should be honored by its erection therein?

Each claimed the preference and three parties were formed—the *Creeks* on the east, the *Shockoes* on the north, and an intermediate one, which I shall call the *Carians*. The discussions in and out of the Council waxed

warmer at each renewal, until at last, as a rhymester of the day described it,

> "The contest high and higher rose,
> Until from words they got to blows,
> As arguments of greatest stress
> That either party could express."

The newspapers were resorted to, and squibs and even epigrams, or attempts at them, were penned on the occasion. Such was the excitement, that one party, fearing a defeat, and preferring, like the Czar, destruction to disgrace, threatened to throw the scales into the river.

At length the James River Company fortunately threw a sop to this Cerberus, by offering a piece of ground for the scales to be erected on near the basin, then nearly completed, and to bear perhaps a part of the expense; on condition that the Company might have the use of the scales, when not otherwise employed. Not the first time that the scales of justice were influenced by interested motives.

The Creek nation and the Shockoes had to succumb and the city was saved. The flow of ink ceased and that of blood was averted.

The scales yet retain their position and the only objection to it was discovered too late—

to wit., that the ascent to the platform, and the restricted limits of approach to it were such, that wagons laden with hay found great difficulty in reaching it.

The defeated nations obtained their triumphs in turn. Each was honored with an independent hay-scale, and the Carians retain the empty honor of an empty platform.

How many wars originate from causes almost as puerile, and terminate in as little benefit to the victor and as little injury to the vanquished!

CHAPTER X.

TWO PARSONS AND NE'ER A CHURCH.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

IT is a remarkable fact that Richmond was without a church of any denomination in the early part of the present century, and previously, except the venerable old *parish church of St. John's*, on Church Hill, where religious service was performed before the Revolution, and where the first burst of political regeneration was uttered by Patrick Henry, in the emphatic words, "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"—and almost at the moment that I write the words (August, 1855), there is being elevated on the Capitol Square the splendid statue of that orator, by Crawford, represented in the very act of uttering them: a work destined, I hope, to contribute to immortalize, not only the orator, but the sculptor.

This use of the old church by the apostles of liberty was not considered a desecration, except by those who advocated a union of

Church and State, and adored monarchy in the infallible person of George III. The liberty invoked here was besought with the aid and blessing of heaven, and it was granted and has been perpetuated. How different was the spurious imitation in France, where religion was abolished and infidelity proclaimed; where a sort of heathen worship was adopted, by personifying Liberty as a goddess, who proved her title by permitting to her worshippers all sorts of freedom. A Liberty that did not survive the courtezan who personated her.

The only other building erected for religious worship, at the time first adverted to, was the Quaker Meeting-house, yet standing on Carey and Nineteenth streets, but in rather a dilapidated condition; the number of members of that society, once large, being much diminished.* Some thirty years ago there was a great exodus of them from Southampton and other counties, to the West. They carried to Ohio the art of curing bacon—but I have wandered from my text.

Other religious denominations had occa-

* Such was the spirit of intolerance in Virginia in former days, that, in 1663, a fine of five thousand pounds of tobacco was incurred by any ship-master who should bring Quakers to reside in the Colony, and the same fine by any person who should entertain a Quaker in or near his house to preach or teach.

sional places of worship only, for occasional preachers — mere barns, where no regular weekly service was performed.

But this lack of churches in Richmond gave rise to a beautiful illustration of Christian love and union.

The population of Church Hill was then very sparse, consisting of only a few families, and the distance to the church, from that part of the city where it was comparatively dense, was too great for worshippers to attend, especially in the then condition of the unpaved streets. The hall of the House of Delegates was the only apartment in the city sufficiently spacious for a place of worship, and to this purpose it was devoted on the Sabbath.

But there were two ministers of different denominations, with each a congregation, and only one hall for worship. Parson Buchanan was an Episcopalian; Parson Blair a Presbyterian. Which one should claim the pulpit? He who had the largest congregation, or he who had most influence with the Executive and Legislature? The two parsons did not test the question. The fraternal appellation which each gave to the other, was based on real brotherly love.

On each alternate Sunday, the one and the other occupied the moveable pulpit, which disappeared on week days, and such was the spirit of tolerance and liberality which the example of the pastors had inspired into their congregrations, that the same individuals formed a large portion of the worshippers on every Sabbath.

These two clergymen were beloved throughout the community for their many virtues. They were not ascetics, but liked to see their flocks gay and happy, and to promote and partake of such feelings within proper bounds. Each possessed a fund of wit and was liberal in expending it. The humorous poetical sallies of Mr. Blair caused many a smile to be wreathed. But I have something to record of these clerical brethren which shows their characters in a more beautiful light.

Mr. Buchanan was a bachelor, and by the death of a brother inherited a competency. Mr. Blair was a married man, dependant on his parishioners and on his school for the support of a large family. Probably by some logical process, on a witty basis, Mr. Buchanan proved that Mr. Blair was entitled to all the clerical fees of both. If not logically, he carried his point practically, and no Episcopal

couple were married, nor an Episcopal child christened, that the fee, if any was forthcoming, did not help to expand the slim purse of the Presbyterian brother.

On one occasion Mr. Buchanan played a joke on Mr. Blair, in this wise:—A gentleman engaged Mr. Buchanan to perform the marriage service in the country, some twenty or thirty miles distant, but omitted to provide a conveyance for him. At the appointed time Mr. Buchanan hired a carriage for two days, made the outward journey, and made the twain one—partook of the wedding supper, and no doubt enlivened it. On the next day, as he gave the couple his parting benediction, the bridegroom slipped into his hand a rather heavy rouleau.

The kind-hearted parson inwardly chuckled at the handsome fee he had earned for his brother. He was anxious to unroll the paper, expecting to find ten half joes enveloped, but he restrained his impatience until out of sight of the wedding folks; then, to his surprise and disappointment, he discovered ten half dollars! Vexation could not long retain its place with him, and soon gave way to the opposite feeling. He determined, if he could not put a fee *into* Mr. Blair's pocket, he would

get some fun *out* of him. So, on his return home, he drew out a regular account, thus:

The Rev. J. D. BLAIR,

To the Rev. J. BUCHANAN.

To hire of a carriage two days, at $5, ...	$10	
To horse-feed and other expenses to and fro, ...	3	
		— $13
By wedding fee received from Mr. ———, ...		5
Balance due to J. Buchanan, ...		$8

The memory of these good men is enshrined in the hearts of their survivors.

Since those primitive times I have seen many churches built, and many of them converted into tobacco factories, bakeries, concert halls, dwellings, &c., but only to be substituted by larger and better edifices, and Richmond now contains as many and as handsome places of worship as most cities of its size.

Within the last two or three years, in walking round little more than a square (now subdivided), one would pass these various places of worship—a Campbellite (Disciples), a Baptist, an Episcopalian, an African Baptist, a Unitarian, a Methodist Episcopal, and a Presbyterian church, and a Synagogue.

CHAPTER XI.

CEMETERIES.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE old churchyard has been fully tenanted for a number of years, and its tombstones are reminiscences of many worthies, whose names might else have passed from the present generation. After an absence of some fifteen or twenty years, I revisited it, and obtained the melancholy recognition of the names of more of my old friends and acquaintances, inscribed on the tombstones, than I found on the door-plates and sign-boards of the living generation. It recalled "the memory of past joys, pleasant but mournful to the soul."

This sacred spot has not been exempt from the barbarous desecration of the idle and worthless. The perpetration of such mischief is one of the most disgraceful traits of some of the basest of our population. Some of the tombs have been mutilated, if not destroyed, and among them, recently, that of the Rev.

Mr. Rose,* the worthy father of that model of female excellence, the wife and widow of Governor Pleasants, who has recently followed that father and husband to the tomb.

A second general cemetery, near the Poor-house, has been filled and extended, and a third, "the Hollywood," is now being tenanted; and it is, or will be, the most beautiful Necropolis to be found anywhere. Nature has done her part in hills, valleys, rivulets, and woods, and Art has embellished, without rendering formal, the beauties of Nature. The landscape embraces every variety, of forest and placid stream, hills crowned with woods, or with steeples, shaded valleys and blazing furnaces, bridges, on which railroad vehicles are moving sixty feet in the air, and, almost beneath your feet, boats gliding on the graceful curve of a broad canal. In the distance, vast flour-mills and factories, and beyond them the vessels to be laden with their products; the perspective closing with cultivated fields, whose grain serves partly to supply those mills.

May the spirits of those whose bodies repose in this earthly resting-place look down on it from a heavenly one!

* This is a mistake. The tomb, if Mr. Rose's, was destroyed by the falling of an old tree on it.

CHAPTER XII.

CITIZENS OF YORE.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies;

MR. ROSE, the jailor, and others whom I will introduce, illustrated the truth of these lines. He flourished at the close of the last and early in the present century. In his full suit of black, including shorts and hose, which well suited his tall and dignified figure, one would rather suppose that he had charge of a church than of a jail. He was a worthy and kind-hearted gentleman, whose society and that of his family was as highly prized as if he kept a palace instead of a prison.

His house, which stood on the present open space in front of the County Courthouse, (which occupies the site of the old jail,) was not attractive externally, and the stronghold in the rear of it, called by its occupants *Rose's Jug*, had still less outward charms, and certainly none within; but it, like the dwelling, had many visitors, though not voluntary ones. Their condition, however, was ren-

dered as comfortable as was compatible with the duty of their custodian.

I have introduced the worthy Mr. Rose, as the precursor of his son-in-law, under whose rod and ferule I advanced in Dilworth as far as words of two syllables, and I now beg leave to introduce His Honor the Most Worshipful ******* ***** ********** a very long name for a very short man; but though short in stature, Mr. ********** was not a man to be overlooked. He came from some unpronounceable place in Wales, and had served on board a British man-of-war at the siege of Gibraltar by Spain. That was the only datum by which to calculate his age, which he never disclosed, and time did not betray it; a score of years scarcely made any impression on his appearance, and gray hairs *could not* betray him, for no locks of any colour decorated his expansive bald pate. Tired of naval gunnery in the Old World, he sought "to teach the young idea how to shoot" in the New. What vicissitudes intervened between his avocations as powder-monkey and pedagogue, I cannot say, but in the latter he served many years, acquiring in it both cash and credit. He descended from this magisterial bench, to ascend a more lofty one,

but of this presently. He changed, but did not abandon his literary occupations. Instead of *using* school books, he *vended* them; nor did he contract his sphere within the bounds of spelling books and arithmetics. Literature in general, music, and bookbinding came within his scope. City honors awaited him; and, by gradual advances, he attained to the office of Recorder, which he filled with much dignity. He also became Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. Mr. ********** was a patron of the fine arts, and more especially of music. He was one of the founders of the *Musical Society*, that held its regular concerts at *Tanbark Hall;* and on these occasions, it may be truly said,

"With nose and chin he figured in;"

for those features were in him exceedingly prominent; and as, like most short men, he held his head exceedingly high, he could not be otherwise than conspicuous among the harmonious band, as was his bass-viol, even taller than himself. This society contained several other members in strong contrast to each other, whose faces and figures, and ecstatic gestures, would have furnished a group worthy of the pencil of Hogarth.

Mr. ********** was a good and chari-

table, though not a pious man. Of his deficiency in the latter respect I would hesitate to speak, had he not given the cue, by telling a story on himself. Horsemanship was not his forte, nor could he be expected to excel in that amongst his other excellencies. Very short legs, a seafaring life, and that of a dominie, were not favorable to equestrian skill. On one occasion, when in the saddle, his steed got the whip hand of him; and, fearing a fatal result, he attempted to offer up a prayer, but the only one he could recollect was the first he had learned; and he poured forth—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Mr. ********** (I like to write the swelling name,) retained on the bench of justice the magisterial air he had acquired at the desk, and in every situation preserved his dignity, whether at the festive board, the whist table, or the music stand. He literally *shone* in every station that he occupied; his capacious bald head reflecting the light in all directions, like a *halo*. He died, full of years and full of honors, in the year 1837.

Mr. **********'s book store was in the only wooden building now remaining of the olden time, already described, on the south side of West Main street; it stands at the

corner of Fourteenth, or *Pearl* street. (*Mock Pearl.* I dislike these borrowed names, that impress one with the insignificance of the object, compared with its patronyme. Astor House, for instance—dimensions, 20 by 36—and Wall street. Bah!) In connection with Mr. **********'s book store, I am reminded of an humbler, but, in one sense of the word, a much *greater* personage, whose station was under His Honor, the Recorder, though not an official one.

Fat Nancy, the apple-woman, *filled* the cellar door under his Worship's shop window. There she displayed all fruits in their season. The black Pomona of the street, of which she had the monopoly, except so far as her claim was disputed (I should say, infringed upon) by a peripatetic vender, Bob Hummins by name; but as Bob had only one arm, he did not venture to dispute Nancy's supremacy, and kept out of the reach of her tongue. If scolding could have *tried down* Nancy's fat, the schoolboys would have reduced her to a shadow; for, as some three hundred or more pounds of flesh obstructed her locomotion, the boys stole her apples without fear of arrest (unless by the Recorder, and it was beneath his dignity,)

and thus they kept Nancy's scolding faculties in constant exercise.

Another resident of the same square passes before my mind's eye. Previous to the Corsican invasion of confectioners, the dispensers of sugar plums had appeared but singly, and at the time I write of, the incumbent was a Frenchman, who bore the euphonious and sylvan name of Aubin de la Foret. Instead of the brilliant shops and saloons which now tempt not only the children, but their parents, with ices, jellies, fruits, and all sorts of bonbons and cordials, Laforet exhibited, among various less refined comestibles, (not meaning that his candies were highly refined,) a dozen or two jars of confectionary, and these did not require very frequent replenishing. Temptation has, of late years, caused many a sweet tooth to be cut, and perhaps to be extracted. Few could compete with the Forester for the palm of ugliness. To look at him and at his sign, you would be apt to think it a misnomer—so little were the man and the name adapted to each other. His nose would have been very prominent, but that it was turned hard-a-starboard, which probably saved it from running afoul of other objects. His legs were mismatched, one being exceedingly

bowed, which gave him a lee lurch in walking. His eyes stood so prominently out of his head that one might suppose he could see in all directions at once, and his complexion vied in hue and wrinkles with his own dried figs. But, with all this lack of "personal pulchritude," as Mr. Rootes termed beauty, Mr. Laforest, as he was usually called, was a worthy, honest, and industrious man, and his children inherited, with his good name, something better than his figure and his features.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize to survivors, if not to readers, for the contents of this chapter; but I can assure the former that it is dictated by no feeling of disrespect, and the latter, that if it possesses no interest, it depicts what has passed away.

Among the singular characters of bygone days, the tall, stiff, and formal figure of Mons. Joseph Bonnardel rises before my mind's eye. This old gentleman, (I cannot say citizen,) was of the "ancién regime" of France, and when that was upset he could no longer remain. The court costume which he wore, and probably the only kind he possessed, indicated that he had known better days.

His ante-revolutionary suits were of costly materials, and of the fashion of the times of

Louis XVI. His dress was a stiff stock of silk or cambric, fastened behind with a large buckle, set in paste, or other brilliant imitation of precious stones; this shone conspicuously above the vest and coat, the collars of which were extremely low, and this stock was on extra occasions ornamented in front with lace falls. His vest, of figured brocade, was extremely ample, with flaps to the pockets, and extended below his hips, garnished with many buttons, in the centre of each of which glistened a brilliant of properly adapted hue. His coat, on some occasions of purple, or of snuff-colored silk velvet, and on others of a lighter silken material, was of grand proportions; the large buttons decorated like those of the vest, and with pockets of huge dimensions. His small clothes were of black satin, with elaborate knee buckles, his hose of silk, and his shoes stout, with high quarters and large buckles. He always wore his hair, which was black silvered with gray, combed back from his forehead and temples, (like the ladies of to-day,) and gathered behind in a clubbed queue. His highly decorated gold snuff-box and cane were passports of gentility, as well as certificates of date.

Mr. Bonnardel's appearance (Frenchman

though he was) was that of an animated automaton; every movement was as stiff and angular as if operated by machinery, and his manner of speaking was as slow and formal as his motions and figure—for the gearing that worked all this machine was of tardy movement. Misfortune had probably injured its springs. The old gentleman, for gentleman he was, was very poor, and supported himself by giving private lessons in French, at a time when scholars were few. He lived in a small wooden house, of one story and an attic, with a peculiar looking porch in front, yet standing, on Grace street, west of Fourth, with tall stumps of mulberry trees in front. In this house he lived, "solitary and alone," for many years, without any domestic help, and but few domestic comforts—but his apartment was neat and clean, though little encumbered with furniture. Mr. B. preserved every article of his wardrobe, however much worn, which he had brought from la belle France. Paper boxes contained stockings innumerable, much dilapidated, which perhaps he intended to re-establish on a new footing.

The poor old man felt sometimes the cravings of hunger, which he had not means to appease, for he was too proud to ask assist-

ance, even if he required it, and his natural appetite was of the insatiable kind. When by chance, dinner was announced at the house where he was giving a lesson, and he was invited to a seat at the table, the stowage he made would indicate that he was laying in provisions for an East India voyage.

Mr. Bonnardel was afflicted—I ought to say blessed—with an idiosyncracy which age did not abate. He was not only very susceptible of the tender passion himself, but he imagined and was rendered happy with the idea, that every handsome pupil, who was old enough to discern his merits, was in love with him; and his greatest concern was, lest his devotion to any one of his admirers, should break the hearts of the others. The old man rather lived to love, than loved to live.

Some of my grandma readers, nay, even some of the most youthful great-grandmas, may have been pupils of Mr. Bonnardel, and may remember his gallantry, though they have outlived the tender passion he inspired.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

IT would redound to the credit of Richmond to say that her Academic Groves preceded theatrical scenic ones, but, unfortunately, the former did not attain to maturity before the latter supplanted them.

The extensive square (in Turpin's addition to the city) on which now stand the Monumental Church, the Medical College, and a number of private mansions, was first known as "Academy Square." Thereon, and near its centre, a gentleman named Quesnay (vulg. dic., Kenny) erected a large wooden edifice, for an academy, and he laid out the grounds in ornamental style.

I am indebted to a gentleman of historical research for the following information, derived from a tract printed in Paris. "Chevalier Quesnay (there printed Fresnay) intended to establish an Academy of the Fine Arts in Richmond, and had the patronage of the most eminent names in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He went over to Paris

to carry out his plans, taking with him a letter to Franklin from Mrs. Bache, and the Chevalier actually presented his scheme to the French Academy, which grave body gave it its approbation." "This singular tract," says my informant, "the only one in existence, I saw in the library of a friend in Philadelphia."

But the worthy Chevalier must have been far ahead of the times—more than eighty years, as the absence of such an establishment at this day proves. His meritorious enterprize failed, but how, or under what circumstances, is not now to be discovered, unless among court records. The extensive square, with the Academy-building on it, became the property of West and Bignal, or some other English actors, who managed the theatres in all the Southern States. They converted the Academy into one, and here the tragic and the comic muses first bestowed their tears and smiles—in an edifice devoted to them—on a Richmond audience.

But greater actors performed, and a more glorious work was rehearsed and brought out, in that theatre, than in any other, either in this country or in Europe.

There assembled, in 1788, the *Convention* of

sages, patriots, and statesmen, who ratified the *Constitution of the United States*, as framed in Philadelphia.

Could such a constellation of talent, of wisdom, of pure patriotism, be formed in our political firmament at the present day, under similar circumstances? From the two subsequent efforts, I fear the reply must be in the negative.

To prove that this is not mere hyperbole, I will introduce the testimony of Mr. Wirt, who, in his Life of Patrick Henry, thus eloquently describes this assemblage:

"The Convention had been attended, from its commencement, by a vast concourse of citizens of all ages and conditions. The interest so universally felt in the question itself, and not less the transcendent talents which were engaged in its discussion, presented such attractions as could not be resisted. Industry deserted its pursuits, and even dissipation gave up its objects, for the superior enjoyments which were presented by the hall of the Convention. Not only the people of the town and neighborhood, but gentlemen from every quarter of the State, were seen thronging to the metropolis, and speeding their eager way

to the building in which the Convention held its meetings.

"Day after day, from morning till night, the galleries were filled with an anxious crowd, who forgot the inconvenience of their situation in the excess of their enjoyment; and far from giving any interruption to the course of the debate, increased its interest and solemnity by their silence and attention. No bustle, no motion, no sound, was heard among them, save only a slight movement when some new speaker arose, whom they were all eager to see as well as to hear, or when some master-stroke of eloquence shot thrilling along their nerves, and extorted an involuntary and inarticulate murmur. Day after day was this banquet of the mind and of the heart spread before them, with a delicacy and variety which could never cloy. There every taste might find its peculiar gratifications: the man of wit, the man of feeling, the critic, the philosopher, the historian, the metaphysician, the lover of logic, the admirer of rhetoric,—every man who had an eye for the beauty of action, or an ear for the harmony of sound, or a soul for the charms of poetic fancy—in short, every one who could see, or hear, or feel, or understand, might find, in the wanton

profusion and prodigality of that Attic feast, some delicacy adapted to his peculiar taste. Every mode of attack and of defence, of which the human mind is capable, in decorous debate—every species of weapon and armor, offensive and defensive, that could be used with advantage, from the Roman javelin to the Parthian arrow, from the cloud of Æneas to the shield of Achilles—all that could be accomplished by human strength, and almost more than human activity, was seen exhibited on that floor."

The dramatis personæ of this grand performance embraced, among many others, James Madison, John Marshall, James Monroe, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Nicholas, Edmund Randolph, George Mason, Grayson, Innis, Lee, and last, not least, Patrick Henry. It were useless to name more in such a brilliant constellation.

What a perilous descent have I now to make, from this theatre of glorious scenes and splendid actors to the common-place subjects of my narrative!

I will here close the chapter, to break the fall and lessen the contrast.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

(Continued.)

AT the corner of the Academic Square where now stands the handsome mansion of Mr. Allen, was erected a Market House—the then New Market—but it did not thrive. It was occupied by live cattle and goats instead of beef and mutton. Hens, chickens and ducks volunteered their presence, without the fear of spit or frying-pan, and even laid their eggs in remote and dark corners, not likely to be visited by any other customers than prying school-boys or vagrant children. A few vegetables also volunteered their verdure; such as dandelions—an excellent salad—butter-cups, with roots more pungent than red pepper, chick-weed, for bird fanciers, and thistles—but not a good substitute for artichokes.

I don't assert that the fox made his hole and the wren built its nest in the market-house, but it is true that Fox & Wren occupied it and built coaches there. The Wrens

now nestle elsewhere, cherished and cherishing—of the Foxes only one remains in quiet retirement.

The Academic, Forensic, *Dramatic Theatre* maintained its latter character and was thought to maintain it well for several years, but it met the fate of almost all similar edifices. Conflagration, but without other disaster. The Market-house, guiltless of blood and slaughter, was demolished many years later.

Theatrical performances were afterwards held in the upper part of the old Market-house, on Main and Seventeenth streets, recently demolished and rebuilt; and after that in Quarrier's Coach-shop on Cary and Seventh streets, where Thomas' large Tobacco-factory stood and was burned in 1851.

Temporary Theatres now again gave place to a regular one. A large brick edifice was erected in the rear of the Old Academy or Theatre Square. That, alas! was the scene of the most horrid disaster that ever overwhelmed our city, where seventy-two persons perished in the flames on the fatal 26th December, 1811, where the Monumental Church now stands, and its portico covers the tomb and the ashes of most of the victims.

The writer, with some friends, reached

Richmond that evening from a Christmas jaunt in the country, and went with them to the Theatre—but it was so crowded that we could not obtain admission. A very few hours after, he was aroused by the cry of fire, and hastening to the spot, the first object he encountered on an open space, was a lady lying on the grass apparently in a swoon. He attempted to raise her, but she was dead. He afterwards learned that she had leaped from a window, but before she could be removed from beneath it, was crushed by those who sought for safety by following her. The next object that thrilled him was a gentleman so dreadfully excoriated that death mercifully put an end to his tortures in a few hours—but it were cruel to rehearse the many individual instances of intense suffering by the victims, and of the scarcely less intense agony of their relatives and friends.

On the ensuing morning, the mangled, burnt and undistinguishable remains of many of the victims were taken from the ruins and interred on the spot, where their names are recorded on the monument already mentioned and the ground was consecrated to the erection of a church.

It is due to an humble but worthy man, to

record the services rendered by him during the progress of this dreadful calamity. Gilbert Hunt, a negro blacksmith, possessed naturally a powerful frame, and by wielding the sledge hammer, his muscles had become almost as strong and as tough as the iron he worked. Gilbert was aroused and besought by Mrs. George Mayo to go to the rescue of her daughter. He was soon at the theatre. Within its walls, then filled with smoke and flame, was Dr. James D. McCaw, a man who might have been chosen by a sculptor for a model of Hercules. The Doctor had reached a window and broken out the sash, when he and Gilbert recognized each other. He called to Gilbert to stand below and catch those he dropped out. He then seized on the woman nearest to him, and lowering her from the window as far as he could reach, he let her fall. She was caught in Gilbert's arms and conveyed by others to a place of safety. One after another the brave and indefatigable Doctor passed to his comrade below, and thus ten or twelve ladies were saved. The last one providentially was the Doctor's own sister, whose proportions were a feminine epitome of the Doctor himself. Gilbert caught

her and broke her fall, but he says he fell with her, both unhurt.

The Doctor having rescued all within his reach, now sought to save himself. The wall was already tottering. He attempted to leap or drop from the window, but his strong leathern gaiter, an article of sportsman's apparel which he always wore, caught in a hinge or some other iron projection, and he was thus suspended in a most horrid and painful position; he fell at last, but to be lame for life. The muscles and sinews were stretched and torn and lacerated, and his back was seared by the flames, the marks of which he carried to his grave.

The Doctor directed Gilbert to drag him across the street, and place him with his back against the wall of the Baptist Church; then to get two palings from a fence opposite. With these for splints and handkerchiefs for bandages, the limb was bound. Gilbert then went in search of a conveyance to carry the Doctor home. His removal from beneath the wall of the theatre had scarcely been effected, before it fell on the spot where he had fallen!

After a long period of suffering, he was able to resume practice; and his profession

has been adopted by son and grandson, perpetuating the good name of Doctor McCaw, which its founder had worthily established.

Gilbert, then a slave, afterwards obtained his freedom—I wish I could add, at the hands of a grateful community; but it was by his own industry.

His philanthropy and efficiency in rescuing his fellow creatures from the flames, were exhibited on another occasion. When the Penitentiary was burned, some years later, the only outlet was cut off by the flames, and the only means of rescue for the prisoners was by opening a new one, through one of the grated windows; no ladder was at hand to reach it. Gilbert placed himself under the window, and Captain Freeman, an active and efficient fireman, mounted on Gilbert's shoulders, and thus elevated and supported, the Captain cut out the brick work in which the grate was inserted, and through the breach thus formed, some of the prisoners were rescued; but the same operation had to be repeated at the second and third stories, and the enterprising pair contrived to reach them by the means now brought for their aid, and succeeded in making other breaches. Just as the

flames reached them, the last of the convicts was rescued.

Gilbert went to Liberia in its early settlement, when, like all young colonies, it was subject to many hardships and privations. He preferred ease and comfort, and returned to Richmond, where he resumed his work at the anvil, which poverty renders it necessary still to prosecute, at the age of seventy-five.

Surely Gilbert deserves a pension for his services!

[The title to this Chapter is very inappropriate, and should rather be, "Place of Horror."]

CHAPTER XV.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

(Continued.)

AFTER the dreadful catastrophe at the theatre, a cessation of theatrical amusements ensued for several years; but such was the change and the accession of population during the period, that, whilst the church was under construction, another theatre, the present one, was erected, and occupied almost as soon as the church was consecrated.

A much frequented place of amusement, in old times, was the *Haymarket Garden*, or better known as *Prior's*, on the grounds now occupied by the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Depot and workshops, a tobacco warehouse, the paper-mills, and some machine shops. It was quite a capacious inclosure, with a graduated lawn in front of the large mansion, which, with its extended wings and pinions, divided the lawn from the garden in the rear. A succession of grassy or flowery slopes and terraces extended down to the

river, or rather to Ross's canal, (now Haxall's,) and the upper portion of the garden commanded a fine view of the river, the islands, and of the country beyond.

Here fireworks delighted the spectators, and equestrians and rope-dancers astonished them. Here ice-creams and cakes were eaten, but very little liquor drunk—the beverages being chiefly lemonade and porteree. Thus the grounds were generally quiet and orderly.

The then elevated ground between the basin and the garden, was occupied by a few residents, and formed a sort of distinct village, called Haymarket. These existed before the basin was navigated, and in its early days.

A more entire transformation cannot well be imagined, than from the quiet and rural aspect of that day, to the throng of travel, the roaring and whistling of steam, and the rumbling of water-wheels and machinery of the present. *Trent's Bridge*, built on the rocks in the falls, only two or three feet above the water, is now supplanted by the railroad bridge, some sixty feet more elevated.

A more ancient and less frequented place of resort for recreation, was the *French Garden*, of which the name remains, but the site, like that of Troy, has been questionable. A

senior cotemporary informs me it was on the hill beyond the city spring, flanked by ravines.

Some refugees from the horrors and massacre of St. Domingo, found their way to Richmond. One of them built a tall thin house, like himself, and, with his co-exiles, laid out a garden in this then remote suburb. Here lemonade, fruits, &c., were served to visitors, and here the worthy man, who had been reduced from wealth and comfort to comparative poverty and to exile, spent his remaining days. On the spot where his house stood, may be traced a portion of the foundation. Some of his surviving partners in misfortune, thinking that he had buried his money, for fear of another disaster, dug up his flower roots, his strawberries, and other fruits, in their fruitless search for the hidden treasure.

Mitchell's Spring, to the east of Academy Hill, and north-east of the Poorhouse, was another place of resort for recreation, but many years the junior of Haymarket. It was "a spot of great capabilities," but not very much improved, and, like its founder, soon fell into the sere and yellow leaf, though its spring continued to send forth a copious

supply of excellent water. This beverage, however, was not a sufficient temptation to attract visitors, when furnished only in its elementary state.

I have mentioned *Academy Hill*, but I doubt if many of my readers ever heard of it before. It is north of the valley, in rear of the Poorhouse, and the foundation of the Academy was laid long before that of the Poorhouse; but it never rose above the basement, for which neglect I know not who is to blame. The window frames were stolen out of the brick work, as were the coins from the corner-stone. Thorns and thistles grow where bays and laurels should have flourished; sheep and calves graze where youths should have sought the flowers of literature and the fruits of knowledge.

CHAPTER XVI.

PHYSICIANS

IN the year 1800 the population of Richmond was 5,300, embracing almost an equal number of white and black, and there were some ten or twelve physicians. The number now may be not far below a hundred, to minister to about forty thousand in the city and suburbs.

Of the ancient stock, Dr. Leiper was perhaps, next to Dr. McClurg (already respectfully noticed), entitled to precedency; his brother, Thomas Leiper, was the great tobacconist, once Mayor of Philadelphia. The Doctor's residence was on Franklin street and his office adjoined it at the corner of Eighteenth. In that office, W. H. Harrison, afterwards President, began the study of medicine. Dr. Leiper's dwelling, a wooden building, is still extant; the basement converted into shops and the upper part into a tavern for market folks.

Dr. Foushee resided on Main above Fourteenth street; his house was afterwards bought

and occupied by the United States' Bank, and on its demise was bought and demolished by Mr. Hubbard, to make room for his extensive shoe-store. Dr. Foushee was a gentleman of fine personal appearance and deportment, and a favorite physician with the ladies, who said his visits were restoratives without the aid of medicine, so bland and kind were his manners and conversation. This calm and sunshine which distinguished his medical character, could be changed to storm and thunder in his political one. His house contained some rare attractions, which caused it to be a favorite resort of the beaux, who called it the home of the Graces. They were soon dispersed, however, and each embellished a home of her own. Mr. Carter, of Westover, Mr. Ritchie, of the Enquirer, Col. Parker (of the now forgotten Miranda expedition) and his brother, carried off these prizes.

In the accomplished wife of the son and successor of Mr. Ritchie, we now recognize a lady, who under a former name acquired histrionic and literary celebrity, and yet continues to add to the latter.

The writer of these pages, inspired by the grace and beauty of the paragon of these sisters, perpetrated in his youth the following

lines, of which, if she saw them, she knew not their source :—

When the Supreme Creative Power
Decided on thy natal hour,
Prepared to form thy beauteous face,
Thy limbs to mould and give them grace,
And to complete his work, impart
Within that breast a kindred heart,
He from the angels round his throne
Chose those whose beauties brightest shone,
And cull'd from each, with skill divine,
Some perfect part and made it thine.

* * * * *

But merciful to man, on thee
Bestow'd not immortality !

Dr. Foushee filled many stations. He was Mayor of the City, President of the James' River Company, and was appointed to the station of Postmaster after the death of Col. Vandewall. I do not use the word *office*, as neither of them occupied it *in propria personæ*. During his incumbency the post-office was burnt and I happened to have the key of an unoccupied store not far from it. With the aid of other firemen and citizens, the contents of the office were safely removed to the store, and on meeting the Doctor early the next morning I had the satisfaction to assure him that all was safe and to show him where his office was.

When the Doctor was supposed to be on

his death-bed, a rumor of his actual death was circulated, and one of his political friends posted off to Washington in hot haste to seek consolation for his loss in succession to his office. The prospect of it served to dry the tears of this disinterested friend, and when he thought, "good, easy man, full surely, his *appointment* was a ripening!" With what varied emotions was he affected on his return to Richmond to find the Doctor alive and convalescent!

Foushee's garden, at the north-western boundary of the city, was quite an extensive and well cultivated possession. It now forms several squares, and Foushee street passes through it.

At the corner of Broad and Tenth streets opposite the First Presbyterian Church, resided Dr. Currie, a strong contrast to the gentle, kind and graceful physician last mentioned, but he had an extensive practice and accumulated a large fortune, which the other did not, because like many other physicians, he was more attentive to his practice than to his fees, and earned many which were not worth attention.

Dr. Cringan, who resided in the wooden dwelling in the rear of the United Presbyter-

ian Church, was much esteemed, and in professional deportment held a middle station between the two I have mentioned. His student, Dr. Adams, became his partner in medical practice.

I remember no other cotemporaries of the oldest physicians I have introduced. Doctors Lyons, Greenhow, Watson, Nelson, Clarke, and Bohannan, succeeded them, and Doctors Chamberlayne, Cullen, Warner and Wyman, bright names in the faculty, were of still later date, though their cotemporaries for many years. I may have omitted many names of more or less celebrity in years long past, as well as more recent, but if I were to attempt an enumeration of those of later date, I might, if memory served, enlist as many as I allot to the city at the opening of this chapter.

I will therefore discharge the physicians and turn to their subalterns, the *apothecaries*, —though in old times each doctor was his own pharmaceutist; keeping medicines in his office, which his students—if he had any—would prepare according to his prescriptions—if they understood them.

There could not be employment for many apothecaries, when physicians made up a large

portion of their own prescriptions; but they obtained their medicines from these druggists. About the year 1800, there were but three —if I am correct—occupying the two corners and the centre of the square on Main between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. The shop of the brothers Ternan (Irishmen) was at the lower corner, and part of the same wooden house already twice mentioned is yet standing there. A visit to their shop might have rendered an emetic superfluous; so begrimed with dirt was it and its attendants—but they made a fortune. Crawford's, at the upper corner where the cannon stands, was quite a contrast in point of neatness, but he was less popular, though also from the Emerald Isle, and did not reap so rich a harvest. Duval, the sire and grandsire of apothecaries, occupied the central shop, and was among the first to prepare nostrums in the shape of antibilious pills, in opposition to Church; he also established a pottery and a manufactory of tiles for roofing, but with all his enterprise and industry I doubt if his dirty rivals did not make the most money.

The *Medical College* is of modern date, having been established in 1837, by the united influences and exertions of Doctors Chamber-

layne, Cullen, Warner, Maupin and Bohannan. The Union Hotel was converted into a medical school and hospital. Limbs, instead of cutting capers, were cut in pieces in the ball-room — potions were mixed instead of punch—poultices supplanted puddings,—and Seidlitz water, champaign. Now, the former order of things is reinstated at the Hotel, and young doctors are diplomatized and patients are physicked in the Egyptian edifice on the old Academy or Theatre Square — so frequently mentioned in these pages.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEWSPAPERS AND PRINTERS.

THE oldest newspaper in Richmond in my young days was "*The Virginia Gazette*," Federal in politics, published semi-weekly by Augustine Davis, editor and printer. In the former capacity the implement he chiefly used was the scissors, and he resorted to the pen on indispensable occasions only, as in his hands it was a dull one compared with the other. The Gazette was considerably more than half the size of the little "Dispatch," (but did not contain half as much matter) and more than one-fourth of the broad sheet of the "Richmond Whig."

Mr. Davis was Postmaster in those days when the Northern mail arrived thrice a week, and was five or six days coming from New York, and he performed in person the duties of the office. The news from Europe was seldom less than five or six weeks old, and occasionally ten. Under such circumstances, the accumulation of news when it came had to be compressed in small space. "Corres-

pondence," foreign or domestic, was not even imagined, and I suspect that term might justly be applied to much that appears now-a-days and has so imposing an aspect, especially under the foreign head, emanating from the garret of "a penny-a-liner," and hashed up from a mass of European papers, or prompted by some stock jobbers or brokers.

The old saying that "a lie in a newspaper is good for two paragraphs," assertion and contradiction, did not hold good usually in Mr. Davis's time. There could generally be enough of "authentic intelligence" collected in three days to fill his short columns, without having recourse to any thing but plain matters of fact, as was the case with newspapers generally; rendering manufactured news a dull and unprofitable commodity; so that there were few workmen in that line, and no reporters to exercise their wit on drunken vagrants or quarrelsome couples. As to false reports, the long interval between the publication of two papers, like hot weather in a fish market, caused the article to spoil before it could be used. Mr. Davis's office was in the same basement, corner of Main and Eleventh, whence "The Enquirer" is now issued. In the adjoining tenements, also his property,

was "the Queen's palace," after the removal from that on Carey street, which the reader will find noted in the history of her reign.

The political or politic toleration declared in Mr. Jefferson's inaugural message, "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," was not exercised in Mr. Davis's case, and he ceased to be Postmaster. His successor made it a *sinecure* office, by placing it under the charge of Mr. Davis's eldest son. This proscription excited the ire of the editor, and he changed the title of his paper to that of "Patriot," a title that disappointed politicians are apt to assume. He employed a pungent and spicy editor named Prentiss, but if I remember rightly, his paragraphs were too highly seasoned for the taste of his readers.

A cotemporary paper, but the junior to the Gazette, was "*The Virginia Argus*," Democratic (then styled Republican) in politics, and published by Samuel Pleasants, also semi-weekly. Mr. Pleasants was, like his rival, more expert in wielding the scissors than the pen. The two editors did not cut each other though espousing opposite parties, and seldom came in collision in their editorials, unless represented by champions under their masks, and as the editor of the Argus was a Quaker,

there was no danger of a duel, or of a resort to the peace-maker "*if*" to avert one. The eyes of Argus began to wax dim, when they were suddenly brightened, and he was rendered wide awake by a good genius, who under the mask of "*A British Spy*," furnished a series of letters which not only kept open the eyes of Argus, but also those of his readers. They furnished much to interest and amuse the public and brought a great increase to the subscription list of the paper; but with the departure of the Spy, departed many of the subscribers, and after the war excitement was over, the Argus closed its eyes. Its old antagonist under its patriot appellation was extant in 1818 and later.

While these two non-combatants were pursuing their quiet course, there was a furious Republican champion in the field. "*The Examiner*," edited by Meriwether Jones, who was an editor, not a printer, and in consideration of this qualification and disqualification, he was elected printer to the Commonwealth. It might be curious to see some of the typographical work which was executed in his office for the public. Much of it, however, was underlet to practical printers.

There was a celebrated and notorious hack-

writer in Richmond in those days. James Thompson Callender, a well educated Scotchman, an able writer and a great sot. He was employed by the editor of the Examiner in promoting the election of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency, and good service he performed—his potations stimulated his pen, and drunk or sober, his paragraphs were ably written. Democracy was in the ascendant, and Mr. Jefferson was elected. Callender thought his services might claim a reward, as he saw rewards conferred upon less able partizans. His claim, very properly, was not admitted, and like many other unrewarded partizans, he changed his politics. Just about this time, a practical printer named Pace, who could compose types much better than he could a paragraph, attempted to establish a paper called "*The Recorder.*" It was dying of inanition in its cradle, when Callender offered to save its life and make a giant of it. He became the anti-administration combatant, and opened his batteries on Mr. Jefferson in a series of the most furious and Billingsgate articles against him and his principles, moral and political. Callender had been imprisoned for libel during Adams's administration, from whence he was released by the clemency of

Mr. Jefferson. He now got back again into his "old quarters in the Richmond jail," (whence he dated his writings) for a libel on Mr. Hay, district attorney, appointed by Mr. Jefferson.

Callender's pen was at the service of whoever would pay for it, and he was employed by some of the members of the legislature to write circulars for them to their constituents at the close of the sessions. As the fee for such a composition was equal to several days' pay, two or more members from counties remote from each other, would club together for a circular, chock full of democracy, manufactured by a Scotchman for the nonce. One of them would obtain it and place it in the printer's hands, with instructions to adapt the captions and signatures to suit the several members, who clubbed their money instead of their wits.

On one occasion the boys in the printing office, who folded and directed the circulars, were so mischievous as to direct them indiscriminately. Thus some of the letters signed by an eastern member would be sent to a western constituent, and vice-versa, tending to show a remarkable coincidence in the sentiments and language of different individuals.

Poor Callender, a martyr to both democracy

and federalism, and also to liquor, died a whiskey and watery death. He had one day imbibed too much whiskey before taking his daily bath in the river, and was drowned.

A cotemporary and strenuous opponent in politics to "The Examiner," was "*The Virginia Federalist*," published by Stewart and Rind, and ably edited. The talent it displayed induced some party leaders to cause a change in its place of publication to Washington, where it appeared under the title of *The Washington Federalist.*

On the death of Meriwether Jones, his brother Skelton, of duelling notoriety, edited the Examiner, but the pecuniary affairs of the establishment had always been embarrassed—subscriptions to newspapers are, notoriously, difficult to collect, and the publication ceased. But the *Enquirer*, like a Phœnix, arose from its ashes in 1804, and, under the judicious and energetic management of Thomas Ritchie, aided by many able contributors, "the Enquirer" attained a greater circulation and influence than any of its predecessors. Looking at the signatures of its numerous correspondents, one might suppose that all the sages and patriots of Greece and Rome had risen from their tombs to enlighten the existing genera-

tion. If spiritual manifestations had favored that generation, as it curses this, the communications and revelations might thus have been accounted for; but, in many instances, they would have proved, that intellect is not progressive in a future state, and that the future state is a democratic one. Such was the success of the Enquirer, that Mr. Ritchie found it expedient to attach to it a sort of tender, as a vehicle for city advertisements, and he purchased "*the Compiler*," which had been commenced by Leroy Anderson and W. C. Shields.

To counteract the influence of the Enquirer, there was brought out, in 1824, a powerful opponent, in "*The Whig*," edited by John Hampden Pleasants. These two papers have been political opponents for many years, and would I could add the antagonism had been political only.

It is deeply to be regretted that our newspapers should be so frequently disgraced by personalities, which have no connection with the subject under discussion, and which tend to show a lack of sound argument, and certainly of good manners. What have become of the rules adopted by a Convention of Editors some years ago? Like the proceedings

of most conventions, they were forgotten after the farewell feast had been eaten, and the fraternal sentiments then expressed, evaporated with the fumes of the wine in which they were drunk. We see no personal abuse of each other by European editors.

Many ephemeral papers have appeared, like meteors, and some of them may "have shed a baleful influence." Among the number that sought to enlighten the people, were two "Standards" that struck their colors; a "Shield" that ceased to protect; a "Star" that was extinguished; a "Phœnix" from whose ashes no other was hatched; a "Spirit of '76" that vanished; a "Jeffersonian" that was probably a misnomer, and sundry "Times;" whether dull, or brisk, or hard, they did not become old.

The oldest printer whose name I can recall was Dixon; after him, T. Nicolson, the very beau ideal of an old bachelor, if *beau* and *ideal* can be thus applied. The work of printing the first volume of Call's Reports occupied his energies for about twelve months. He was Librarian to the Society formed some sixty years ago, and woe to the member who retained a book beyond the limited time! Under his care, the library

was well sustained. The site of his Printing Office and of the Library, is now occupied by Goddin's Hall.

One of his apprentices, or journeymen, is now the oldest of the craft in Richmond, and the oldest citizen of Richmond birth. The venerable Mr. Warrock, at the age of eighty-three, still handles the composing-stick, and continues to publish his Almanac, which has recorded half as many years as himself.

Though somewhat damaged by time, his *case* has no bad type, and, after the impressions of so many years, his *form* is still capable of work.

Whilst speaking of almanacs, it is a curious fact, that, in the commencement of this century, "Bannaker's Almanac" was annually issued, and it was calculated by Benjamin Bannaker, a black man, who resided near the Maryland line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PUBLICANS AND PATRIOTS.

DR. JOHNSON says, "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." In Richmond it was proved that he who served the beef should acquire the obesity.

The hosts of our taverns, in old times, were a jolly looking set. The oldest in my day were old Burgess and his wife, round and rosy, of that ancientest of inns, "*The Bird in Hand*," at the foot of Church Hill. Then came in rotation (by locality), Raphel, of the *City Tavern*, fat and lazy. These hosts were not distinguished by military titles, as most of their superiors in locality were. Major Bowler has already been described. Caspar Fleisher and his wife were host and hostess of the *Rising Sun*—as round and as red as he, when seen through a fog—against the effect of which Caspar furnished an antidote. *His* sun rose and shone for many years near the old Capitol, and on the spot now occupied by the Penitentiary store on Fourteenth street.

The rotundity of Caspar and his wife gave

warranty that their table was well served and their beer not small, for beer was a general and genteel beverage in those days, although *lager* had not raised its head, if it has any. At that time very good beer was made by Hay & Forrester, at their brewery on Canal street. We were independent of the North for all our beverages. Our French brandy and Jamaica rum were not distilled in New York, nor our Champaign (if we had any) bottled in New Jersey.

Col. Radford, of the *Eagle*, was of grand dimensions, as was his house in those days, and of great resort. Esme Smock afterwards became landlord of the Eagle. I mention him because the name is now obsolete here, as applied either to men or things.

Crouch's *Virginia Inn*, on the ascent of Governor street, had nothing to distinguish it that I remember, except the difficulty of getting to it, and the small inducement to do so. Where now stands the *Exchange*, or a very small portion of it, stood *Major Davis's tavern*, itself of very small pretensions, but its host of very great—never less than a scarlet vest and other externals to correspond, and a very martial air, even when not on parade. A tough pull was it, in wet weather, to attain to

the Major's house, the locality of which was chosen in respect to *Byrd's Warehouse*, a tobacco inspection opposite, which may be said to have gone to h—l, or h—l to it—according to a modern application of that word, unfit for ears polite—considering how the site is now occupied. Major Davis's tavern was invaded and demolished by Byrd's Warehouse, which, from some motive, political or otherwise, changed sides, and took possession of the whole of the present Exchange premises, but in a few years came to a conclusion.

Col. Goodall, of the *Washington* (not then, nor now, bearing that honored name) was a man of commanding mein, rotund and rosy, as if he enjoyed the good things he dispensed to his guests. But the Colonel deserves to be mentioned in a different character than as host of the *Indian Queen*, under whose plumes he nestled.

When Governor Dunmore, like a thief in the night, took a quantity of powder secretly from the magazine at Williamsburg, in 1775, Patrick Henry was elected to the command of the *first company of volunteers* that took up arms against royal authority, or encroachment, in any State south of Massachusetts, and immediately after the affair at Lexington and Con-

cord. The volunteers of Hanover dared to offer resistance to the Elector of Hanover. Of this band of patriots, Henry was Captain, Meredith was Lieutenant, and *Parke Goodall* Ensign; and he was detached, with sixteen men, to demand of Richard Corbin, the king's Receiver-General, the sum of three hundred and thirty pounds, in payment for the stolen powder, or in case of refusal, to make him prisoner. Mr. Corbin was not at home, but Dunmore found it prudent to order him to pay the money. This was the first overt act of *rebellion* in Virginia against royal authority, and Colonel Goodall deserves to be remembered for his participation in it.

The *Swan Tavern* was kept by Major Moss, who probably also served in the Revolutionary war—this may or may not be. He also exhibited good breeding, good feeding, and good fellowship in his full figure and face. His house might have been called the Lincoln's Inn or Doctor's Commons of Richmond, for there assembled, in term time, the non-resident judges and lawyers, and though of unpretending exterior, the Swan was the tavern of highest repute for good fare, good wine, and good company. Here centred "the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit," nor was "the

loud laugh" wanting. It has lost its name and fame, and few of its professional guests survive.

An occasional appendage to the Swan was a house nearly opposite to it, at the corner of Broad and Tenth streets, where a large China store now stands. In that house Aaron Burr was kept prisoner during his trial for treason, the Federal Court having no prison under its control.

CHAPTER XIX.

RACES AND BALLS.

"Actions of the last age, are like almanacs of the past year."

IN old times in Virginia, *horse-racing* was the sport of gentlemen. Many wealthy planters had their stud of horses of the best stock, as well as of the most useful, and raised them for the turf, the saddle, the harness, and the plough. There was no *West* then, as now, to supply them, and mules were scarcely known. One gentleman who had seen their value elsewhere, for the purpose of introducing them, brought two or three jacks to Richmond, but in vain. He turned them out on the common, and the school-boys derived great sport from riding them. Washington Irving has introduced a gentleman in one of his sketches, under the name of Ralph Ringwood, who I must also introduce here as one of the school-boys. To make sure of a holiday ride he caught one of the donkeys over night, and stabled him in his father's smoke-house. At an early hour in the morning, the household was alarmed by a most unearthly

and less heavenly noise. The house-keeper thought her bacon had gone to the devil or the devil had got into it. The young scamp had to allay the demon by producing the key and releasing the donkey. Irving gives a richer, and of course, an amusing version of the story, showing that the adventure with the donkey tended to make Mr. Duval, Governor of Florida.

Gentlemen of town and country formed the Jockey Clubs, which held the Spring and Fall races at Richmond and Petersburg, and perhaps elsewhere. They and their friends came to town in their coaches and four, in their phaetons, chariots, and gigs, bringing their wives and daughters: a very convenient time for the Spring and Fall fashions. The race-field presented a brilliant display of equipages, filled with the reigning belles and their predecessors. Many were the pairs of gloves lost and won between them and their beaux. Nothing could appear more animated than such an assemblage of beauty and fashion. The equestrians, on fine blooded horses, riding from coach to coach, or during the heat of the race, going at high speed, to obtain a commanding view of the contest. The race week was a perfect carnival. The streets were thronged with

equipages, and the shops with customers. Not only taverns and boarding-houses were filled, but private families opened their hospitable doors to their country friends. Among the amusements of the week was the *Race Ball*, which (as well as the regular dancing assemblies of the winter) was held in the large ball-room of the Eagle. Boots and pants in those days were proscribed. Etiquette required shorts and silks, and pumps with buckles, and powdered hair. The ball was opened by one of the managers and the lady he thought proper to distinguish, with a *minuet de la Cour*, putting the grace and elegance of the couple to a severe ordeal.

Such bowing and curtseying, tiptoeing and tipfingering, backing and filling, advancing and retreating, attracting and repelling, all in the figures of Z or X, to a tune which would have served for a dead march! A long silken train following the lady, like a sunset shadow; and the gentleman holding a cocked hat under his arm, or in his hand, until at last the lady permitted the gentleman, at full arms-length, to hand her, by the very tips of her fingers to a seat, when, with a most profound bow, he retreated backward to seek one for himself.

Then commenced the reel, like a storm after

a calm—all life and animation. No solemn walking of the figure to a measured step—but pigeon-wings fluttered, and all sorts of capers were cut to the music of Si. Gilliat's fiddle, and the flute or clarionet of his blacker comrade, London Brigs.

Contra dances followed, and sometimes a congo, or a hornpipe; and when "the music grew fast and furious," and the most stately of the company had retired, a jig would wind up the evening, which, by-the-by, commenced about eight o'clock.

The waltz and the polka were as great strangers to the ball-room floor, as were Champaign and Perigord pies to the supper-table.

> No hands were then "promiscuously applied
> Around the waist or down the glowing side."

The sports of the turf have so degenerated of late years, that few ladies of the present generation ever saw a race. The field is now chiefly in possession of a class, termed in softened phrase, "sporting characters," in the same way that Negro-traders are called "speculators." Exclusive of the racing, the field sometimes presents a scene of the lowest gambling and dissipation.

CHAPTER XX.

SOCIETIES.

THE worthies of Richmond, of the last century, formed among themselves three associations, for very different purposes—charitable, literary, and social—in which order I shall introduce them.

The Amicable Society was instituted in 1788, with the benevolent object of relieving strangers and wayfarers, in distress, for whom the law makes no provision. The first officers elected by the Society were Anthony Singleton, president; Alexander Montgomery, vice-president; Alexander Buchanan, treasurer; and Charles Hopkins, secretary. Their successors were, in the presidency, in 1794, Andrew Ronald, and, in 1800, the Rev. John Buchanan, who retained the office for a great number of years; in the vice-presidency, in 1791, John Henry, in 1792, John Groves, in 1807, John Richards; and, as treasurer, William Berkeley in 1801, John Foster in 1807, and, subsequently, Edmund W. Rootes until his death.

It may be curious, if not gratifying, to the few survivors and to the numerous descendants of the early members of the Society, to inscribe their names on these pages. The following is an extract from the records of the Amicable Society, kept in clerkly style:—

"A company of gentlemen having met at the Richmond Coffeehouse, on Saturday, 13th December, 1788, viz.: Alex. Montgomery, John Groves, George Wier, Charles Hopkins, John Graham, and Alexander Buchanan, they resolved to form themselves into a Society, by the name of the *Amicable Society of Richmond*, on the principles and for the purposes expressed in the Rules, which were then considered and adopted; at the same time, the following gentlemen were considered as members:—

"James Montgomery, Anthony Singleton, George Pickett, Andrew Ronald, Philip Southall, John Cunliffe, and Joseph Higbee.

"The same evening officers were appointed, to remain in office till the next annual meeting:

"Anthony Singleton, president; Alexander Montgomery, vice-president; Charles Hopkins, secretary: Alexander Buchanan, treasurer.

"On the 20th December, 1788, the following new members were admitted:

"Arthur Stewart, Thomas Keene, Richard Hartshorne, John Marshall, William Wiseham, William Shermer, Joseph Lakel, and William Fenwick."

On the 7th February, 1789, the accession of new members was, William Mitchell, Jos. Dalzel, John Cringan, John Buchanan, John Harvey, James Kemp, and Joseph Darmstadt.

At a meeting on the 2d May, 1789, the following entry is made on the record of the Society: "It having appeared, by advertisement, that a surplus of a fund arising from a ball on General Washington's birthnight, was to be given to this Society, Mr. Alexander Montgomery, as a manager of that ball, paid this evening to the treasurer, the said surplus, amounting to twenty pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence."

At this meeting, the following new members were admitted: Thomas Mann Randolph, George Nicolson, and James Brown; and on the 7th November, 1789, James Strange, of Manchester, and Alexander Youille—at which time a vote of thanks was given to Alexander Donald for a donation of five pounds.

The new members in 1790 were Robert

Gamble and John Ker. The Legislature of 1790–'91 authorized a lottery, to raise one thousand pounds for the benefit of the Society. In 1791, Andrew Leiper, George Gray, James Knox, and Charles Hay, were added to the members, and also Abraham Lott, Hugh J. Crawford, John Henry, Thomas Rutherford, William Hay, William Foushee, William Mewburn, William Heth, James Innis, Patrick Hart, John H. Briggs, and John Satchell; subsequently, John Hopkins, John Banks, Alex. Quarrier, and Thomas Gilliatt were admitted, and a Rule adopted that the Society should be limited to sixty resident members. The admission of members, subsequently, were, in 1793, John Richard; in 1797, Charles Copland and Jos. Anthony; in 1798, William Berkeley and John Foster; in 1804, Wilson Allen; in 1809, John G. Smith and M. W. Hancock. In 1811, a revival occurred, and twenty-one members were added, namely: W. H. Fitzwhyllsonn, J. G. Gamble, R. Gamble, John Adams, J. Brockenbrough, A. Pollok, C. J. Macmurdo, Thomas Taylor, Samuel Myers, Jos. Marx, Jas. Gibbon, Wm. Hay, Jr., James McClurg, E. J. Haven, W. N. Morris, Robert

Johnston, E. W. Rootes, C. B. Page, J. Wickham, M. B. Poitiaux, and Robert Gordon.

In 1812, James Brown, Jr., and Dr. J. D. McCaw.

In 1813, Robert Greenhow and S. Pleasants; 1815, W. Lambert; 1816, Wm. Finney; 1822, Rev. J. H. Rice and T. H. Bradley. In 1825, a second revival brought a large accession of members, namely: S. Jacobs, B. Brand, A. Otis, C. J. Nicholas, W. Bibber, L. J. Saligniac, R. G. Scott, G. C. Pickett, G. H. Backus, J. Bronaugh, J. Goddin, J. McKildoe, W. H. Hubbard, J. H. Eustace, T. Brockenbrough, W. Galt, Jr., Jaq. Taylor, Dr. T. Nelson, D. Warnick, J. Rawlings, T. Ritchie, J. Hall, Dr. J. Trent, W. Gillat, R. Gwathmey, T. Gwathmey, J. Bosher, W. Munford, J. Ambler, J. Parkhill, W. F. Micou, W. W. Henning, R. Wortham, N. Sheppard, W. Brockenbrough, D. J. Burr, M. Walthall, and T. Diddep.

Having extended the record through the period of two generations, I will leave the last thirty years untold. Of all those named, I can count up but thirteen survivors.

The funds of the Society accumulated, and the surplus of interest on its investments was regularly reinvested, and during the sixty-

seven years of its existence, there has never been a defaulting officer.

In 1841, when the stock held by the Society was about $9000, it made a donation of more than one-half to the *Female Humane Association* of Richmond, in fifty shares of Bank stock, in aid of the large bequest made by the benevolent Edmund Walls, a native of Ireland, and for many years Inspector of Flour in Richmond, who left the great bulk of his fortune to the founding of that charity, which has been faithfully applied.

On the formation of the *Male Orphan Asylum*, the Amicable Society made a donation to it of $1000—in 1851.

The society still exists in a small number of members, and it is to be hoped that it will acquire additional and active ones, whose exertions may invigorate and perpetuate it.

As an institution of our forefathers, it should be honored and cherished for their sakes; and as a charitable one, for our own and our suc-

NOTE.—It is gratifying to state that since the preceding was written, this research has recalled the attention of a public spirited gentleman to the long dormant Amicable Society. At his instance, a new accession of members is obtained. Some funds have been invested and some have been applied to the relief of the distressed during this, the severest winter (1855-6) known for many years. Snow has mantled the earth for six weeks, and the rivers in Virginia closed to navigation during the months of January and February, with ice more than a foot in thickness.

cessors. It should be deemed a perpetual legacy, from generation to generation.

The *Library Society* under the management of its founders, who embraced most of the persons constituting the Amicable Society and in general the principal citizens, was as well conducted as such establishments usually are; and under the custody of Thomas Nicholson, Librarian, the books were well taken care of, and the circulation of them was extensive. To what its failure is to be ascribed, I know not; unless it was an undue influence obtained by some lady novel readers, who induced their friends of the directory to fill the shelves with "Minerva Library" novels, a notorious London mint for the issue of trash, such as is now hawked about our streets at twenty-five cents, for as much worthless matter as then cost two or three dollars.

After an existence of twenty years or more, the early teens of which were vigorous and useful, the library gradually declined; the books were distributed among the members, and the society ceased to exist.

An interval of seven years now ensued, of literary darkness, so far as a public Library was necessary to diffuse light, and then a successor to the old institution was created, and

would I could add, a thriving one, and that its readers were as numerous as the number and character of its volumes should invite. It requires a considerable accession of members to keep its shelves furnished with the valuable and the good current Literature of the day. For the credit of the city, it is to be desired that all who can enjoy such literature, should make the small contribution required to entitle them to membership, and to sustain so useful an establishment. It would be a reflection on the intellectual character of the city to say, that it cannot support a Library, nor even a Reading Room. The city appropriates an apartment in the Athæneum, with light and one hundred and fifty dollars annually, to the use of the Library, on condition that every visitor may there have gratuitous access to the books.

I will now introduce the Quoit Club, or as it is called, THE BARBACUE CLUB,

> "Who mixed reason with pleasure, and
> Wisdom with mirth."

This club was formed some sixty years ago and met on Saturdays during the genial season, at *Buchanan's Spring*, under the oaks of original growth, with no other shelter than

the shade they afforded, and an open shed, to protect the dinner table. Quoits was the game, and toddy, punch and mint julip, the beverages, to wash down a plain substantial dinner, without wines or dessert.

Among the most skilful in throwing the Discus as he was in discussion, was Judge Marshall, even in advanced years, and it delighted his competitors as much as himself, to see him "ring the meg." The brother Parsons, Buchanan and Blair, were honorary members of the club, and the latter, though apparently of fragile form, was a practica member with the quoits, and both of them with the jests and good humor that prevaded

A list of the members of this club, would comprise many of the most worthy citizens of their day—but are not their names written in the book of the Amicable society? I will record here, only Jasper Crouch, their mulatto cook, and who officiated at all public dinners; he acquired the gout in this congenial occupation, and also the rotundity of an alderman, and fell a victim to the good things of this life. A similar club was formed many years after, and met at *Clarke's Spring*—now the Hollywood Cemetery—or near it. The two were not rivals, but so cordial an under-

standing existed between them, that their meetings became alternate at each others fountains.

I omitted to mention, that if any bets were made at the meetings of the club, they were forfeited to it, and as such a case occurred now and then, when an interesting game was in progress, these forfeits served to furnish some extra viands for the feast, all which were provided by a committee of caterers, who also acted as masters of ceremony to strangers, etc. The members serving in rotation.

The exercise and recreation, bodily and mental, at the close of the week's labours, was most grateful and invigorating. The social intercourse was promotive of good fellowship. Respectable strangers, and more especially foreigners who were invited to the *barbacue*, as the feast was called, could then see Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, without licentiousness, presumption or demagogueism. Pure Republicanism, represented by some of the distinguished men, who aided in forming the Republic.

The trees still furnish their shade, and the spring its cool stream, and some of the descendants of those that first assembled there, even of the second and third generation, yet

partake of them, and pitch their quoits, or crack their jokes there.

The mention of Clarke's Spring, (connected with the Clubs) reminds me of a gentleman connected with Col. Clarke. Major Clarke established a cannon foundry and boring mill on the river, some miles above Richmond, and induced the Federal Government to establish an Arsenal on the land adjoining, which obtained the appropriate name of Bellona Arsenal—and which like the Navy Yard at Memphis, was most inappropriately located.

The unhealthiness of the spot caused the Arsenal to be abandoned, and the Government permitted a gentleman to substitute silk worms for soldiers, and to try whether coccoons could be substituted for cannons. This was about the time that the Morus Multicaulis fever raged so extensively, and to many fatally. The Mulberry slips were planted, and the eggs of the silk worms set for hatching—but unfortunately the praise-worthy effort, though promising well at first, proved abortive, and the worthy projector had, like his predecessor, to abandon the establishment.

CHAPTER XXI.

EVENING PASTIMES.

"See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

IN the first decade of the present century, a resource for winter evenings' pastime was found, by many of the tonish ladies, in a game of *Loo*. Its attractions were such that few evenings of the week passed without an assemblage at the rooms of one or other of the sporting circle. After discussing a dish of tea (*dish* was then the word), and another of scandal perhaps, the card-table was introduced and a circle formed around it.

In this enchanted and enchanting circle gentlemen were admitted, and he who played the most careless and hazardous game was sure to be the most welcome, provided luck did not run too strongly in his favor; but on these occasions, the gentlemen who accompanied their ladies usually amused themselves with a quiet rubber of Whist. *Quiet* was a term not applicable to the ladies' table, except during the intense excitement created by a

large sum on it. The original stake was small, but, by the forfeits of losers, and the contributions of dealers, the money in "*the pool*" would sometimes accumulate to a score or two of dollars, and even to three or four score, but this latter rarely occurred.

As the contents of the pool increased, so did the excitement and anxiety of the players (I won't say gamblers). Many a charming face would lose its sweetness, many a rosy cheek its hue; many a bright eye would almost be dimmed by a rising tear, and many an apparently smooth and gentle temper would betray the indications of an approaching storm. Gentle accents would be changed to loud tones, and endearing epithets to harsh and insulting ones; but as duels are the exclusive privilege of gentlemen, or of those claiming that title, no other weapons than those they most exercise, and can best wield, were resorted to by the ladies, except now and then in a very extreme case, when a curl might get deranged, or a cap be torn,—but on such occasions the cause of irritation was extreme, such as the accusation of concealing a card, or other foul play.

The practice—of playing I mean, not of fighting—had attained to an extreme height;

domestic and maternal duties were neglected, and some purses much lightened, when a true Knight came to the rescue of the enchanted fair ones. Under the assumed name of *Hickory Cornhill*, he entered the lists against the demon Loo, for the relief of the distressed dames and damsels who were suffering under his enchantments.

At the very first charge he disarmed the Demon, but did not utterly destroy him. His abetters, who assumed the titles of Kings and Queens, and others who appeared in their true characters as Knaves, dared not show their faces publicly. They, and a few of their spell-bound victims, continued for a short time to hold their revels in a sneaking way; but the latter gradually became ashamed of themselves, and of each other, and were ultimately reclaimed. The former ceased to persecute the fair sex, but found plenty of adherents among the other.

When Hickory Cornhill's vizor was removed, it disclosed the features of George Tucker, and his squire was E. W. Rootes.

I will add, in seriousness, that the disaster at the theatre gave a better tone to society and a death-blow to female gambling, and,

perhaps, to some of its votaries. May it never revive!

A specimen or two of Hickory's onslaught will show something of the fashions and pastimes of his day, and the similarity in some respects, and contrast in others, with those of the present.

"And first, all the morning, the debates I attend,
Of the folks who our laws come to make and to mend;
Where sometimes I hear much fine declamation
'Bout judges and bridges, the banks and the nation;
But last night my amusement was somewhat more new,
Being asked to a party of ladies at *Loo*.
Oh! then, my dear friends, what splendor was seen,
Each dame that was there was arrayed like a queen;
The camel, the ostrich, the tortoise, the bear,
And the kid, might have found each his spoils on the fair.
Though their dresses were made of the finest of stuff,
It must be confess'd they were *scanty* enough;
Yet naught that this scant may their husbands avail,
What they save from the body they waste in the tail.
When they sit, they so tighten their clothes, that you can
See a lady has legs just the same as a man;
Then stretched on the floor were their *trains* all so nice—
They brought to my mind Esop's council of mice.
E'er tea was serv'd up they were prim as you please,
But when cards were produced, all was freedom and ease.
Mrs. Winloo, our hostess, each lady entreated
To set the example—'I pray, ma'am, be seated?'—
'After you, Mrs. Clutch'—'Well, if you insist.'
'Tom Shuffle, sit down, *you* prefer *Loo* to Whist.'
Around the green board now they eagerly fix,
Two beaux and four ladies composing the six.

* * * * * *

'Well, Mr. Shuffle, you are dealer—begin.'
'Is that the trump-card? Then I cannot *stand*.'
'And I must throw up.' 'Let me look at your *hand*.'

* * * * * *

'Oh, there's Mrs. Craven, she threw up the *knave*.'
'I know I did, madam, I don't play to save.'
* * * * * *
And thus they go on—*checking*, *stumping* and *fleeting*,
And much other jargon that's not worth repeating—
Till at length it struck twelve, and the *winners* propose
That the *Loo* which was up then the session should close.
On a little more play tho' the *losers* were bent,
They could not withhold their reluctant assent.
Mrs. Craven, who long since a word had not spoke,
Who scarce gave a smile to the sly equivoque,
But like an old mouser sat watching her prey,
Now utter'd the ominous sound of 'I play!'
And swept the grand *Loo*, thus proving the rule,
That the still sow will ever swill most from the pool.
Though much had been lost, yet now they had done,
The deuce of them all would confess she had won.
But soon I discovered it plain could be seen
In each lady's face what her fortune had been."

"January, 1806."

The reformation of female society of the vice of gaming, tended no doubt to diminish it in the male ranks also, and to confine it in some degree to the frequenters of the Tiger's den, or to a portion of those who enact laws against it, and themselves test the futility of their own enactments.

But there was another vice very prevalent among gentlemen of the past generation, which is greatly diminished, has gradually abated, and is now scarcely heard in refined or respectable society. I allude to the practice of profane swearing.

Formerly almost every sentence was round-

ed off with the (now digusting) expletive of an oath, uttered unconsciously. D—d was the term by which to express admiration of a good fellow or detestation of a rascal. Souls were pawned to establish the truth of an assertion, or it was vouched for by a violation of the Seventh Commandment.

This practice no longer exists among gentlemen, at least to any extent, nor amongst refined ones at all. When heard now, as I regret to say it frequently is in the streets, or in bar rooms, it is ascribed to the lack of good breeding or of good sense, or to sottish vulgarity.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MEDLEY.

AMONG the enterprising men in Richmond toward the close of the last century was *Moses Austin*, who afterwards emigrated to the West, and who deserves to be called *the founder of Texas.* By his influence and unwearied exertions, sanctioned by the Spanish government, he infused so large a portion of bold and enterprising citizens of the United States into the mixed population of that then Spanish colony, as to establish ultimately an ascendancy, which redeemed Texas from Mexican degradation, and has rendered her one of the most thriving States in the Union.

Moses Austin founded in Richmond a shot and pewter button factory (not a tower) on the lot where the gas house now stands, on Carey street, and he built the once fine house, now Lisle's corner, formerly Gamble's, on Main and Fourteenth streets, the most imposing structure of its day. In its elaborate cornice *the Martens* used to build their nests,

and when the young could take wing, the number of old and new broods was so great that their noise drowned all competition. The nuisance could not be abated by any other mode than covering the cornice with canvas, which now disfigures it. From this nursery, or colony, the martens adjourned to the Capitol, where a general Congress from all the surrounding country was generally held for about a week or more previous to their Exodus to a warmer climate or to winter quarters. On the day previous to their departure they assembled in myriads, and on the next day they disappeared invisibly and entirely. Fortunately their sessions preceded those of the "unplumed bipeds," (as some wise man calls his brethren) who deliberated in the halls below—some of whom probably feathered their nests and others were plucked.

Fortunately, I say, the martens adjourned before the lawmakers assembled, for voluble and loud as the latter sometimes are, the martens would have silenced them. But it is remarkable that with all their noise, the martens were never out of order. Their sessions and adjournments were conducted with the utmost regularity, and their commonwealth seemed to be governed by constitutional

principles, which were neither changed nor violated. Their example would be no ignoble one to others, whose sessions are held in the same building.

What has become of the martens? have they changed their seat of government? It is several years since they assembled in Richmond, and few are to be seen in the city or its vicinity. I hope they will revisit us, for though not musical, they are examples of industry and parental love, and moreover, a colony of them would be more efficient in ridding the trees of insects than all the beltings and washes that have been tried. The birds would probably be more numerous, but that boys amuse themselves with throwing stones in the Capitol square, to the annoyance of pedestrians as well as of birds. If the latter were unmolested, and even fed at certain seasons, their music would add to the charms of the grounds and their appetites would diminish the number of caterpillars that destroy the foliage.

In Philadelphia, the innocent denizens of the woods are considered denizens of the city, and are so entirely unmolested in the public squares, as to lose their natural timidity. They are so accustomed to receiving

food from children and other visitors, that the squirrels will approach them, and in beseeching attitude beg for nuts and fruit, in the unmistakeable though silent language of nature.

Archibald Campbell, a brother of the poet, was for many years a resident of Richmond, first as a merchant and afterwards as secretary to a Marine Insurance Office. He was a very quiet, unobtrusive man, literary in his habits, though not an author. He retired to the country and led a solitary and studious life during his latter years; but he enjoyed the occasional visits of his old friends from town, and they also enjoyed his society, in which I am told they found a rich feast, derived from his copious information on many subjects.

I could not locate Mr. Campbell in the city, and was unwilling to omit the introduction of him. The reader will excuse its being awkwardly done.

The Armory was erected soon after the adoption of the celebrated "Resolutions of 1798–'99," when the apprehended encroach-

ments of the Federal Government on State Rights and Strict Construction, induced Virginia to prepare for the worst.

At this establishment the manufactory of arms and artillery, from pistols to thirty-two pounders, was carried on for many years. This has ceased long ago, and some portion of the buildings are now used as an arsenal and barracks, but those in which the water-power was employed, are now adapted to the peaceful occupation of grinding wheat.

Query? Would it not be good policy in the State to sell the extensive buildings, ground, and water-power, avoid so imminent a risk of the destruction of the arms by fire, and erect an arsenal at a more convenient spot with a small portion of the money?

The large and ugly block of brick buildings erected by Col. Harvie, on Carey street, near the head of the basin, have now anything but a literary aspect, but they were once *Haller's Academy*, and the first portion of the block was doubled in size to accommodate that extensive establishment. Haller was a Swiss or German adventurer, who had, with little learning, address and impudence

enough to impose on the community; but he also had judgment enough to enable him to select good teachers; among these was Mons. Fremont, the father of Col. Fremont, of Pacific and warlike celebrity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DENTISTRY AND ARCHITECTURE.

NOW-A-DAYS the profession of dentistry gives lucrative employment in our city to almost a score of practitioners. In the days of my boyhood, only one *Tooth-drawer*, who probably never heard the word dentist, did all the work and all the mischief in the dental line.

Peter Hawkins was a tall, raw-boned, very black negro, who rode a raw-boned, black horse; for his practice was too extensive to be managed on foot, and he carried all his instruments, consisting of two or three pullikins, in his pocket. His dexterity was such, that he has been known to be stopped in the street by one of his distressed brethren, (for he was of the church) and to relieve him of the offending tooth, gratuitously, without dismounting from his horse. His strength of wrist was such, that he would almost infallibly extract, or break a tooth, whether the right or the wrong one. I speak from sad

experience, for he extracted two for me; a sound and an aching one, with one wrench of his instrument.

On Sundays he mounted the pulpit instead of black bare-bones, and as a preacher he drew the fangs of Satan with his spiritual pullikins, almost as skilfully as he did the teeth of his brother sinners on week days, with his metallic ones.

Opposite to the residence of "Peter Hawkins, Tooth-Drawer," on Brook Avenue, stood, or tried to stand, a most singular specimen of architecture, without form, but not void. It was a hovel built by its sable occupant, of brick-bats and mud, and as the ground on which it stood formed a trapezium, he adapted his edifice to it. Square and plumb and level had nothing to do with the lines of its walls. The materials were gathered from the ruins of burned buildings, or the refuse of new ones, and as they were gathered, the structure progressed. The timbers were of all sorts of drift and refuse wood, and the partitions were adapted to them. The roof was of boards, or slates or slabs, which ever came to hand, and the chimneys were topped with headless barrels. A portion of the scrambling walls would fall, while another portion was being erected, and

thus the industrious architect and sole workman and tenant, found incessant occupation for a score or more of years, and probably till his death; for his ruins (as they appeared to be when standing,) have fallen to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SHARP-SHIN AND THE SHIN-PLASTER CURRENCY.

IN the beginning of the present century and for some years of the last, after State and continental paper money had disappeared from circulation, under a depreciation so ridiculous, as to render a dollar's worth more than one's pockets would contain, there existed in Virginia, and in some other States, a currency, that from its triangular shape and acute angles, was called sharp-shins.

In those days a Bank note was a rare, though not a despised currency.* Virginia, under the guidance of her Revolutionary Apostles, held Banks in abhorrence, and having seen that baseless paper-money was a base currency, she would tolerate no other than gold and silver. As Alexandria was about to leave

* The progress of banking in the United States in fifteen years, may be thus stated: in 1790, there were 4 banks with $1,950,000 capital.
in 1800, " 23 do. 19,000,000 "
including the first Bank of U. S., with 10,000,000 "
in 1805, there were 1307 banks with 332,000,000 "
The Bank of Virginia is included in the last line.

the pale of the Old Dominion, she did yield to her urgent entreaties, and granted to her a taste of the forbidden fruit, which so far from causing her downfall, tended greatly to her prosperity; but as there may be too much of a good thing, she was afterwards ruined, or nearly so, by the introduction of six or eight unchartered banks. It was some convenience to merchants travelling north, to obtain money in a more portable form than gold and silver, especially as the modes of conveyance were either by a stage-wagon, twice or thrice a week, or on horse-back with saddle-bags, or in a stick-chair, (now a sulky) or in a coasting schooner. Few merchants, however, then visited northern cities to obtain supplies of goods. The English, Scotch, and Irish merchants or agents established here, imported from London, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool and Dublin, where their principals resided, every sort of goods, and all articles from a nail to a clock, and in those days a clock was *something* to have. I do not include West India products; these were obtained at Norfolk, then one of the largest markets in the Union for the importation of rum, sugar, coffee, molasses, &c. The few (store-keepers, they were called,) who bought their goods at the North

were looked upon as little above the grade of pedlars.

The Bank of Alexandria, of Baltimore, the old "Bank of North America," (the patriarch of all American banks and a worthy exemplar for them,) the first "Bank of the United States," and two or three New York Banks, furnished all the bank notes which then circulated in our towns, and they were readily taken by the merchants; but the whole amount was small. The modern contrivance of forcing bank notes into circulation as far as possible from their place of redemption, had not then been adopted.

I have deviated somewhat from my subject, and after a few more prefatory remarks will enter upon it.

The great mass of the currency was Spanish dollars, some ugly French crowns, little or no English silver, but a large quantity of gold, in Spanish, Portuguese, French and English coins; also a portion of *Cob.* gold and silver in irregular uncoined lumps, with some almost unintelligible figures and letters stamped on them, to denote perhaps the weight, fineness, and assayer's initials. All gold coins passed by weight, and as the several nations had different standards of fineness, those of each had to

be weighed separately, and the value to be calculated by printed tables. To effect this, each merchant and trader was provided with the requisite apparatus of scales, weights and tables of rates; indeed many persons carried a case of pocket-scales, &c., and it was also necessary to have some skill in discriminating between genuine and base coin, as many counterfeits were made.

It was usually no small trouble to receive and pay a few thousand dollars, and in my boyhood, I have frequently staggered along the street with my arm bruised under the weight of a heavy bag of dollars, which I hugged most hatefully. Then came the counting and recounting and examining for counterfeits, and weighing and calculating the value of various pieces of gold. Money was really a misery—at least to me—for no more stuck to my fingers than I could wash off after counting.

I well remember the day when relief came. When the Bank of Virginia was opened for deposits in the basement of the Capitol, and I followed a stout negro wheeling $10,000 to the vaults.

And now for the Sharp-shins, which did not cut their way later than about 1802 or

1803. The supply of small silver coins for change, was insufficient for the traffic of the country generally, and recourse was had to subdividing the larger ones, by the aid of a shears, or a chisel and mallet, or even of an axe in expert hands. A quarter of a dollar would be radiated and subdivided into six parts, or a pistareen into five parts, each one of which called a "half-bit," passed for three pence; but it was strange, that these several parts formed a sort of Chinese puzzle, but less possible to solve, for you could never put the five or six parts together so as fully to cover a similar coin entire. The deficiency went for *seignorage* to the clipper, and from him to the silver smith. "Bits" were in semi-circular form; "half-bits" in quadrants. The coins that were to suffer the torture of dismemberment were, it was said, first beaten out to increased expansion, so as to be susceptible of a sort of Hibernian divisibility, into three halves, or six quarters, besides an irregular bit, which was not good money except to the coiner. The eighth of a dollar (twelve and a half cents) was expanded and cut into two bits, or sixpences. Dollars even were cut into halves and quarters in cases of emergency. It was no uncommon thing in the

country, when change could not be otherwise made, to chop the dollar into parts with an axe, and thus meet the contingency.

Purses and pockets were not proof against Sharp-shins. Money is said to burn the pockets of some folks—Sharp-shins cut the pockets of all—and the profit of making them induced many to engage in it. Like many other evils, it cured itself by excess.

The market became overstocked with cut money, and perfect coins disappeared in the same proportion. So on one fine day several influential citizens met and drew up an obligation, by which every one who signed it, bound himself not to receive or pay a piece of cut money after a certain day; and behold, the sharp-shins disappeared at the appointed time, as their successors, of somewhat similar name, the small-fry currency of shin plasters have since vanished at two or three successive periods; some by redemption and some by repudiation, when the community refused to submit longer to the evil—and thus endeth the chapter of sharp-shins, shin-plasters and sharpers.

While on the subject of currency, it may not be amiss to notice a species of paper money issued on State authority soon after

the revolutionary war, of which, that issued by North Carolina survived all other, and was current to some extent in Petersburg and southern Virginia, until absorbed some thirty or forty years ago by the Bank of North Carolina. This money was called proc. (*i. e.*, proclamation money,) and was issued on bits of thick paper, about the size of a playing card, and for various sums, from sixpence up to forty shillings. It was receivable for taxes, and circulated currently in North Carolina and on her borders, at the rate of ten shillings to the dollar; and at that rate the State redeemed all that appeared—a rare instance.

As to the old continental paper money and other paper representatives, it was no uncommon thing to find a box or drawer full of it in the garret, or some other obscure part of an old store house, and utterly worthless.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FLUSH TIMES IN RICHMOND.

AFTER the war of 1812–14 with Great Britain, when specie payments were suspended, or rather some time after peace was restored, but before specie payments were resumed, when bank credits were as unlimited as the issue of irredeemable bank notes, the spirit of speculation, like the great comet that appeared about the same time, shed its influence over the land.

I will borrow from Washington Irving his description of the speculative mania a century before:—

"Every body trusts every body. A bad debt is a thing unheard of. The way to certain and sudden wealth lies plain and open, and men are tempted to dash forward boldly from the facility of borrowing. Negotiable notes interchanged between scheming individuals are liberally discounted by the banks, which become so many mints to coin promises into cash, and as the supply of promises is inexhaustible, it may readily be supposed

what a vast amount of promissory capital is now in circulation.

"Every one talks in thousands; nothing is heard but gigantic operations in trade, great purchases and sales of real estate, and increased prices at every transfer. All, to be sure, as yet exists in promise, but the believer in promises calculates the aggregate as solid capital and is amazed at the amount of public wealth and the unexampled state of public prosperity.

"Now is the time for speculative and dreaming or designing men. They relate their dreams and projects to the ignorant and credulous, dazzle them with golden visions and set them crazed after shadows. The example of one stimulates another—speculation rises on speculation—bubble rises on bubble—every one helps with his breath to swell the windy superstructure, and admires and wonders at the magnitude of the inflation he has contributed to produce."

This is a true picture of the state of things in Richmond about the years 1816–17. Real estate in and around the city, soon to rival New York, rose in value (or price) from day to day. Steep hills and profound gullies were leveled or graded—on plats of surveys—and

some work was commenced in fact, as scarified hill-sides attest at the present day—their green slopes changed to bare and inaccessible precipices. The debris washed by rains from the unprotected surface, serving to increase the bars and diminish the depth of water in the river.

The limits of Richmond were too contracted for the imaginary population which was soon to overflow the city, and new towns or extensions of the old were tacked on in every direction. Corn-fields, Slashes and Piney thickets were laid out into streets and squares.

City lots proper advanced in price, two, three, five, aye, ten fold, and those in the suburban towns displayed on a highly coloured plot,—but not so highly coloured as the description of those who plotted to catch purchasers,—instead of being sold by the acre at ten to fifty dollars, were retailed by the foot at ten to fifty times their former value.

There were not days enough in the week, nor hours enough in the day, for the rival auction sales of *real* estate—so called. Red flags waved in every street, or where a street was in embryo. They flaunted in many a corn-field, where they served as scare-crows, aided by the ringing of the vendue bells,

which resounded throughout the land, and attracted crowds, as the dinging on a tin pan collects a hive of bees; but there was a larger proportion of drones among the bipeds than among the insects.

As buyers and sellers had not time to go to their meals; cold meats, mint julips, toddy and punch were plentifully provided at the place of sale, and these attractions drew a crowd of idlers as well as bidders; and the former could not do less in return for the viands, than to act as puffers—as stool-pigeons minister to faro-banks, where they enjoy canvass-backs, oysters and champaigne gratis, with the victims they entice to partake. The concourse of bidders, puffers and lookers on formed quite an animated scene. The auctioneer in the blandest tones, assured the bidders in words the most persuasive, and with a countenance the very picture of candor, that the purchasers would double their money before they would be called on to pay more than the first or second instalment. Long credits were usually given, dividing the payments into four, five or six instalments—the last extending, perhaps, to two or three years.

It may be presumed that there were by-

bidders to set the ball in motion, or to give it an impulse when retarded. The excitement of bidding was also aided by the stimulating influence of the viands, and it did sometimes happen that he who drank the most liquor became the most spirited bidder. But the auctioneer kept a sharp look out for the main chance, and would knock down a *bargain* to a substantial bidder, rather than hazard obtaining a higher bid from an unsubstantial one.

Not one buyer in twenty purchased with the intention of building, or even of holding longer than till the second or third instalment should fall due, when, according to the auctioneer's *assurance*, he would double his money.

This excitement continued for many months. Sales and re-sales were made, each at an advance on the last. New enterprises were commenced by some of the most active among the speculators and whose credit was strongest. A fine hotel and a number of large stores and dwellings were erected in a part of the city that had fallen into decay—its former trade having sought another locality. Extensive glass-works were put in operation in the rear of the proprietor's large

mansion, now occupied as a hospital, on the ascent of Church Hill; a sugar-house was erected on that hill; the India House was built; a shot-tower, of which I have elsewhere spoken, raised its column near the river; the dock was projected, and the river was to be deepened, &c., &c.

But alas! the Banks were required to prepare for the resumption of specie payments, and the speculators in lots were required to prepare for the payment of second or third instalments.—Presto! change! The city and suburb lots were again on the market, but the prospects had changed as much as had the aspect of the corn-fields; from waving blades and ears tipped with silken tassels, to dry stalks and refuse shucks. Sales were advertised, but where was the demand that was to double the cost? Alas! all were sellers and the only buyers were the original owners, who re-purchased at half-price, or less, and never got the other half; or the cool lookers on during the excitement, who now stepped in and bought on their own terms.

The glass-works burnt out, the sugar-house melted away, the shot-tower fell, the hotel was converted into an infirmary, the warehouses were untenanted, and the walls of the

India House are unroofed. The Banks resumed specie payments, and nine-tenths of the speculators ceased payments of any sort. The corn-fields, the slashes and pine saplings retained their sylvan aspects until within the last few years, when a real population began to appear instead of the imaginary one anticipated nearly two generations ago, and the prophetic visions of the departed auctioneer begin to be verified at the end of nearly forty years, instead of half as many months.

To obtain access to the remote regions of Clay street, even on foot, without doubling the cape of a deep ravine, a bridge some hundred feet long and about forty feet high, was erected on the line of Ninth from the corner on Leigh street; but the bridge decayed before the remote regions were inhabited by a sufficient number of persons to pay for keeping it in repair. After thirty or more years of non-intercourse by that route, it has just been re-established by the construction of a causeway, wide enough for carriages. One of the new public grounds reached by this road, if placed under a skilful landscape gardener, is susceptible of great improvement; nature having diversified the surface, and given to it the command of a fine view.

Soon after our naval heroes had conferred great glory on the nation, the taking name of *Navy Hill* was given to a suburb still further north. Another deep ravine, beyond that which obstructed the access to Clay street, intervened between that street and Navy Hill, and another bridge was proposed or commenced to reach that Ultima Thule, by an extension of Sixth street; but the bubble burst before the bridge was built, and the ground has been usefully applied to the culture of vegetables and fruit, until very recently, when another effort is about to be made for a division of territory, and a connection with the inhabited regions is about to be formed, by the construction of a causeway.

One of the handsomest suitors for an attachment to Richmond, or coquetting to encourage a rival to her, was *Marion Hill*—not flesh and blood, but field and forest. This beautiful hill, below Powhatan's old residence, was laid out as a town. A large building for an Academy was erected on its summit, and several handsome residences around it, and it bid fair to reward its projectors. At a convenient distance and on the river below Rockets, another town was projected, called *Port Mayo*, and a large warehouse was built there, as an

example for others to follow. This might be the commercial place, for which its situation is well adapted, and Marion Hill might be the residence of the anticipated merchants. "Who knows what may happen a hundred years hence!"

I can call to mind an instance of the rapid depreciation of some suburban property. A bold speculator bought ten acres, about a mile beyond the city limits, for $10,000; one-tenth in cash, and nine-tenths in nine instalments of $1,000 each. He inclosed it with a substantial fence at a cost of several hundred dollars, and made it a good clover-field. When the first instalment fell due, the land was advertised to be sold at auction, or so much of it as would meet the payment of $1,000, and behold! the smallest portion that the best bidder would agree to take was nine-tenths, or nine acres, including the fence on three sides!

A worthy old gentleman told me a few years ago, that he had just sold a large piece of ground which cost him $22,000 in the flush times, he had held it about thirty-three years, and although property had again advanced considerably, he got back only about one-sixth of cost, interest, and taxes.

The rage of speculation was not entirely confined to real, (query, unreal?) estate. It

attached to such objects as flour and tobacco. The price of flour, which during the war had been as low as three or four dollars, ascended at one time to fifteen or sixteen, and tobacco, from being in mercantile parlance, "*a drug*," at two to five dollars, attained to fifteen and twenty-five, and even thirty dollars per 100 pounds. The speculators imagined that they had a good basis for their operations, but it proved like the real estate mania "the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving *many* a wreck behind.

After all these golden, or rather paper visions were dissipated, when each five dollar note was supplanted by one silver dollar, those who retained any of either, resumed the old jog-trot of trade, attended to their regular business, were satisfied with moderate profits and a gradual increase of capital at the year's end.

Prosperity followed in the wake of prudence and industry. Manufactures which could not thrive under the hot-bed system gradually grew up, but slowly against the competition of eastern rivalship—more economical and skilful, but afar off. The city increased slowly and gradually in population and capital, and in the course of time acquired a high character for thrift and punctuality. May she long

retain it! I only fear that she has in her corporate capacity, launched imprudently and beyond her means in enterprizes, which although useful, should have been left to individuals or to communities who were to derive the greatest portion of advantage from them. The distant land-owners who are most benefited, are generally the smallest contributors to the promotion of their own interests. They are like the waggoner who called on Hercules. They do not put their own shoulder to the wheel.

I am unable to specify the dates at which the various suburbs of Richmond were founded, but will endeavor to record the names, (some of them not very euphonious) of those which retain also "a local habitation." Others, depicted on paper in the flush times, have passed too far into oblivion to be rescued, unless some curious antiquary has retained copies of the highly colored plots and advertisements in which they were sketched and puffed.

Those now extant, embrace *Sydney*, a thriving colony, not a penal one, except to purchasers in the flush times.

Union Hill has also a thriving aspect, and both are handsomely situated and respectably inhabited.

Bacon Quarter, an old suburb, owes its name to the great rebel who encamped there one hundred and eighty years ago, and it has had many unruly subjects in more recent times.

Shed Town is also an ancient settlement, and derives its name, as some say, from the style of its architecture, adapted to the original and gradually increasing means and requirements of its inhabitants—a prudent race. But this derivation is contested by some historical investigators, who say the true name is *Shad Town*, from the piscatory occupation of its founders, at a time when our shad fishery was much more abundant than of late years.

Butcher Town requires no explanation as to its origin. Its juvenile citizens accustomed to the sight of blood and slaughter, are a belligerent race, and if they see any young mountaineers, (Hill-Cats, as they call them) descending towards their valley, they immediately raise the war-cry and a battle is apt to ensue, in which stones are hurled by the combatants, until one or the other party retreats with its wounded; or the civil authority, (like Austria & Co.) puts an end to the war.

Screamersville owes its musical name to the sonorous voices of its inhabitants, although it must be confessed there is a lack of harmony

among them, and once upon a time it might have been described as a place

> "Where hungry dogs from hungry children steal,
> And pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal."

It is now, no doubt, much more refined and daily improving.

Oregon Hill was so called, probably, from its remote and inaccessible, though beautiful situation, and is inhabited chiefly by a hardy and industrious and fiery race, disciples of Vulcan.

Darby Town was founded by the Enroughtys, and the two names being most strangely synonymous, they chose the shortest, though least impressive. The etymology and affinity of these names I must refer to some curious investigator, and my excellent friend, the Rev. T. V. M——, is better qualified than any other person this side of the Herald's College to solve the question. I can only state the premises, that all who bear the name of Enroughty, are called by and answer to the name of Darby, even if the sheriff calls, and I leave to my friend to draw the conclusions.

Scuffle Town I was well nigh forgetting—

whether it owes its active and sounding name to the industrious or to the belligerent habits of its founder; whether they scuffled *with* each other, or scuffled *for* a livelihood, or both, some more profound historian must decide.

Since writing the above, the "Profound Historian" has appeared. An antiquarian friend has traced this name to a different and very plausible origin. The original settler kept a tavern there, with the anciently used sign of a globe, the head of the proprietor protruding at the north and his feet at the south pole, with the legend, "Help a *scuffler* through the world." Thus the poor fellow became immortalized by his martyrdom in the bowels of the earth.

In distant connection with the flush times, and a lineal descendant of them, the Morus Multicaulis mania deserves to be recorded, and may be compared to the tulip mania in Holland, except that the adventurers looked to a permanently beneficial result, from the introduction of silk culture.

This species of mulberry was said to be the favorite and most productive food of the silk-worm, the rearing of which could be effected by the then unemployed labor of

women and children. The papers teemed with essays on the subject; some plants of the *morus multicaulis* were obtained by favoured individuals. These were cut into slips of a few inches long, each retaining a bud, from which a twig was produced in a few months. The demand for them was immense, and twigs were sold at three, four, five, or six cents per bud. In the next season whole plantations were set out, many persons paying five hundred or one thousand dollars for cuttings. Some were offered many thousand dollars for the produce of one acre. A few cocoonneries were formed, but not skilfully managed. No regular market was at hand for the cocoons that were produced, but the trial went on. I saw on one occasion a wagon load of multicaulis plants brought all the way from Tennessee and never removed from the store where they were unladen, unless to kindle fires. The wise ones began to sell out very soon and realized large profits. Many more sold at a later period, but the high price and great decline broke the purchasers. At last the plants were worth nothing; they could not be given away; caterpillars and other insects would not prey on them; they would

not grow up into trees, and they could not be rooted out, for they sprouted tenfold when cut down; and after a lapse of twenty years, one of the plants may be occasionally seen in a hedge-row—detested and despised.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JAMES RIVER CANAL.

THE progress of Richmond and of the *James River Canal* were so intimately connected, that a short notice of the latter may not be amiss. *Gen. Washington* was the first to suggest the opening of the navigation of both the James and Potomac Rivers above tide-water, and the connection, if practicable, of the James and Kanawha, and also the construction of the Dismal Swamp Canal.

In 1784 the James River Navigation Company was chartered with a capital limited to $100,000. On the 20th October, 1785, the first meeting of stockholders was held, and their subscriptions were ascertained to amount to $98,600. GEN. WASHINGTON was elected President, and John Harris, David Ross, Wm. Cabell, and Edmund Randolph, Directors.

Washington declined to accept the Presidency, on the ground that he could not give it his personal attention, and Mr. Randolph appears to have acted *pro tem.*

In 1789 he was appointed Attorney-General

of the United States under the new organization of the government, and Dr. William Foushee was elected President of the Company.

The principle of rotation in office does not seem to have prevailed in those days. Perhaps the loaves were lighter and the fishes smaller than in later ones. Be this as it may, Dr. Foushee retained the office nearly thirty years, and was succeeded in 1818 by John G. Gamble.

Robert Pollard filled and fulfilled the offices of Treasurer and Secretary for thirty years, from January, 1793, to May, 1823, and Hezekiah Mosby performed strictly and correctly the duties of toll-gatherer for thirty-seven years, terminating with 1830.

In 1790 the canal was opened from Westham to a landing, called Broad Rock, a short distance above the city; at which time, or rather on the 29th December, 1789, the legislature were invited to take a trip up the canal and through the locks. In 1795 the canal entered the city, and in November 1800, the water was first let into the basin on trial.

As the charter of the Company required a connection of the canal with tide-water, a contract was entered into with one Ariel

Cooley, a cute, uneducated, but practical man, (at least as far as Ariel was interested) for the construction of thirteen locks between the Basin and Mayo's Bridge, for the sum of $49,000. A large excavation was required to be made along the descent of the hill, which Cooley estimated at about $9,000. He stipulated for the use of the water in the basin, if he required it; and he did put it in requisition to some purpose. He cut a small ditch along the centre of the line which the locks were to occupy, and he opened a sluice into it from the Basin. A rapid and increasing sluice it was. In some twenty-four hours or less the water had wrought the $9,000 worth of excavation, and the only difficulty was to prevent its "helping over much." It had wrought an opening for the upper navigation and a contrary effect on the lower one, by washing an immense quantity of earth into the river.

The whole work was executed in the most economical and temporary manner; a few boats passed the locks, after which they became locks without keys or hinges, and the gates were never more opened. The upper chambers had to be filled with clay to prevent the escape of water from the basin, and

when the present splendid locks were constructed, which were opened in 1854, the rubble stone and some of the timber of their predecessors were removed.

The canal as originally constructed was navigated by open batteaux, carrying ten or twelve hogsheads of tobacco, and the river was rendered navigable by dams and sluices as far as Lynchburg. The continuous canal of increased capacity for boats of sixty tons was opened to Lynchburg in 1841. It now extends sixty-five miles further to Craig's Creek nearly, and it requires a further extension of twenty-nine miles, and an expenditure of about as many hundred thousand dollars to reach Covington, its western terminus, unless it be practicable to reach the Kanawha.

The share-holders in the original Company surrendered their charter to the present one, for an annuity of fifteen per cent. on a capital of $140,000. The capital stock of the "James River and Kanawha Company" is five millions of dollars; their debts about six millions more. Their total expenditure, including improvements on the Kanawha and purchase, &c., of the Richmond Dock, upwards of thirteen millions. The gross receipts of the canal in 1850, reached about $295,500, leaving nett

$170,000; but the railroads have abstracted a portion of its trade, and in 1855, the gross receipts

Of the canal are	$234,000 nett	$108,140
Of the Kanawha River improvement	13,500 nett	10,930
Of the Kanawha Road	7,800 nett	930
Of the Richmond Dock	32,970 nett	29,430
	Total	$149,430

wherewith to pay interest on its debt, &c. The poor stockholders, of course, must fare badly, until the improvement can by some means be extended to the Ohio.

On the original formation of the company in 1785, the legislature ordered a subscription of one hundred shares, ($20,000) to be made by the Treasurer, and presented to Gen. Washington as a token of respect for his services, not only in suggesting this work, but also for those to his whole country.

Washington declined its acceptance as a donation to himself, "as inconsistent with the principle he had adopted and never departed from, not to receive pecuniary consideration for any services he could render his country," "but" he added, "if it should be the pleasure of the legislature, to permit him to appropriate the shares to public uses, he would receive them on those terms with due sensibility," which permission was of course accorded.

Washington bequeathed them to the Liberty Hall Academy in Rockbridge, which is now *Washington College* in Lexington. A similar donation to him of £5,000 sterling, in shares of the Potomac Company, he left towards the endowment of a College in the district of Columbia. Washington prefaced these bequests by expressing his "serious regret, that the Youth of the United States should be sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own.

Wherever Washington's hand was placed it conferred a blessing!

O! my countrymen! base on his *precepts* your political faith, and require your representatives to make his *example* their rule of conduct, and their standard of rectitude and patriotism!

Mothers of America! teach your children, *Washington*, not from the pages of Griswold, but from those of Marshall, of Sparks, and the yet more attractive ones of Irving.

Can disorganizers read Washington's Farewell Address without a blush of shame?

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROADS.

THERE has been a wonderful change in the facilities and the mode of transportation from the interior, during the period embraced in these reminiscences. At the early dates referred to in them, McAdam had not broken a stone; turnpikes bore the highest rank in furnishing the tracks for travel or trade, but not a *turnpike* road entered Richmond, and the *natural* ones (so called) were almost impassable in wet seasons and in winter, when the farmers were most at leisure to send their crops to market.

The *Brook Turnpike*, towards the north, was the first one constructed, then, northwestwardly, the *Richmond turnpike*, in the line of Broad street; the *Westham*, in the direction its name indicates, and lastly, the *Mechanicsville*, north-eastwardly; but neither of these extended beyond eight or ten miles, and some of them soon acquired the name of *mud pikes*, the demand of toll being the only

distinction by which to know them from county roads.

Railroads have fortunately been substituted for some of them, and the experiment of *plank roads* recently tried on others, but it is a doubtful one, for already it is proposed to substitute gravel for timber on one, while the reverse has just been adopted on another road.

The substitution of *railroads* offers an immense facility to the farmers, at the expense of the stockholders, who are now deriving little profit on their outlay. The travelling community also derive great facilities from them, and it has increased so much, that as many cars carrying fifty passengers each are now required, as there were formerly of stage coaches carrying nine passengers each; but some of our most important railroads have only *one end* to them in a practical and profitable sense, for they do not connect with important lines west or south-west. They are like neighborhood roads on an extended scale, and they must extend their arms further, to reach those ready to meet them, and then in their joint embrace they will include the regions from the Mississippi to the Chesapeake; but the log-rolling system of Virginia

has diverted her energies from the completion of any one useful work, to partial operations on a great number, many of which are antagonistic, and others, if completed, would scarcely be profitable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BRIDGES AND MANCHESTER.

MAYO'S BRIDGE, at the Richmond end, and as far as the toll-house, was, I am told, originally constructed of large logs, raft-like, spiked to the rocks, with a rough floor laid on the logs, and from the Toll-house Island to the Chesterfield side, a bridge of boats was thrown.

The log system was soon abandoned, (I wish the log-rolling system was,) as each freshet threatened, or effected its demolition; but the boats floated a number of years, and were very popular with anglers.

What with one change or another, with the destruction or decay of one portion, while another was being repaired or renewed, the bridge was in the hands of workmen through two generations, and the work was completed when the third came in possession. On one occasion, when the floor of the bridge had been taken up for repair, and the large sleepers remained, the keeper of the toll-gate on the Island was aroused one dark night,

and to his astonishment, found not only a man but also a horse waiting to pass. "For God's sake, how did you get here?" he asked. "By the bridge, to be sure; how else should I?" replied Mr. Isham Randolph. "No other man could have done it," said the toll-taker; "the floor is taken up." "Well," said Mr. R., "floor or no floor, I rode here, and now I'll pay my toll." "Pass on, Mr. Randolph; I wont take toll from a man who rides where there is no bridge." A wonderful instance of courage and steadiness on the part of the horse; as to the rider, he was fearless also, and a man of great muscular strength and power of endurance. He would occasionally take a walk from Eastern Virginia to West Tennessee, and he bore arms under Jackson in some of his Indian fights—being a man after his own heart.

Mayo's bridge had a formidable competitor in "*Coutts's Ferry*," a more ancient establishment, the proprietor of which long resisted the grant to Mayo for the erection of a bridge, on the ground that it would be a violation of his rights. Finding opposition useless, he at length withdrew it, saying: "Let him build the bridge, if he can, but he will be ruined first."

The ferry landing was on "*the Sandy Bar*," at the end of Eighteenth street, and the ferry was kept up for many years after the bridge was constructed; indeed, it could not have been dispensed with, as the bridge was very often impassable—besides which, the charge of six and a quarter cents for each person, horse, and wheel, was so heavy, that by accepting a lower rate of toll the ferry attracted much of the travel.

At that period, the resort of shad and herrings to James River was much greater than of late years, and a fishery was attached to the ferry, where fish could be obtained alive and kicking; but of late years their progress has been so much intercepted by the numerous floating and other seines lower down the river, or from some other cause, that few pass up to the falls. Formerly, during the fishing season the rocks in the falls were alive with fishermen casting their nets in the sluices, and catching the finest shad—such as had strength to stem the torrent of several miles continuance. It was a beautiful sight in May, when the vegetation on the Islands had assumed its delicate green, and the flowers, shrubs and trees were in bloom, to see each rock tenanted by a fisherman.

On one occasion this scene was awfully changed. It was a beautiful May morning, and there were an unusual number of fishermen on the rocks in every part of the river above Mayo's Bridge. Suddenly, without the slightest previous indication or warning, the river rose so rapidly that all had to run for their lives. Swimming was in a very few places practicable. A great number of the men were partially immersed before they were aware of it, and their access to the shore cut off. As the water rose, the poor fellows might be seen clinging to the rocks, and presently a huge log would be borne along by the current, strike against one of them, break his hold, and perhaps a limb, and sweep him down the rapids, striking against the rocks in his descent. Another more expert, would be saved by seizing on the floating tree or log, and descend with it to smooth water. The cries and supplications of the distressed victims were drowned by the roaring of the waters, but not disregarded. Boats and ropes were obtained, and some daring and skilful men attempted by shoving off from the shore some distance above, to float down near enough to cast a line to the fishermen—but in vain, with very few exceptions. The

rapid current took possession of the boat, and all that its occupants could do was to direct its course so as not to be swamped themselves.

This awful scene lasted many hours. It was chiefly on the Manchester side, and the river bank was thronged with spectators, viewing the sufferers, without the means of rescue—but among them were agonized wives and children watching the rising and raging flood which would in a few moments overwhelm the one dearest to them.

The number known to have perished, was about twenty. No rain in this part of the country had preceded the flood, which was caused by a most violent one some distance above, raising the streams instantly, which swept away mill-dams in their course.

Trent's bridge erected in the rapids by spiking the timbers to the natural rock-work, was a short lived structure. Just above its site now looms the high *Petersburg Railroad bridge*, awful to timid passengers. A short distance above Mayo's, the *Danville Railroad bridge*, or rather bridges, span the river from island to island, by four successive leaps.

I introduce the bridges with the intention of taking my readers beyond them to the

town of Manchester, originally designated *Rocky Ridge*, a more appropriate name, as was Bellehaven for Alexandria.* Virginia and New York have been peculiarly injudicious and deficient in taste in their nomenclature. New York was ridiculously classical; her Surveyor General made Lempriere's Classical Dictionary his vade mecum; and as he laid off the western portion of the state, he labeled his maps with the names of ancient poets, philosophers, orators, cities and countries, in the most indiscriminate manner—bringing Syracuse, Manlius, Jordan, Rome, Delphi and Tully into a queer proximity, such as their original owners never dreamed of; and Virginia almost abjectly loyal, must have made the Court Calendar her guide, instead of retaining as far as practicable the Indian names; all the royal families of successive reigns, and many of the nobility were put in requisition, to furnish names by which to distinguish her counties, rivers and towns. *Ann* seems to have been a great favorite, for we have Princess Ann, Urbanna, Rivanna, Fluvanna, North Anna, South Anna, and Rapid

*Alexandria and Balaclava have borne the same name, according to some etymologists of the latter, who derive it from Bella Chiava, the beautiful haven of the Genoese, as Alexandria was originally called Belle Haven.

Ann—resigning to Maryland Queen Ann and Annapolis. Elizabeth was not neglected, nor Charles, nor James, but their counties were dubbed cities. Why? I should like to know. The most glaring and unjust usurpation of a name, (and which ought even now to be restored to its original monarch), was the depriving of King Powhatan, the patron of the Virginia Weed, of the name of the river which watered his own dominions, and conferring on it that of the "learned fool" King James, who wrote the counterblast against tobacco.

In this tirade against the misapplication of names, I have wandered from Manchester's rocky ridge and will return from the digression. This town, which is now in the course of resurrection, was once a place of considerable trade. Several wealthy British commercial houses had establishments there and imported large quantities of goods. Three tobacco inspections received some five or six thousand hogsheads of tobacco; a flour mill was in operation, and Manchester felt herself a rival of Richmond. So she might have been and a powerful one too, (according to tradition) but for the selfish and narrow-minded policy of one of her richest merchants. When the

James River Canal was projected, an engineer who made the survey for its connection with tide-water, reported that the best route for the terminus of the canal and for the required connection, was on the south side and through the town of Manchester, and his report was to be submitted to the Legislature.

A wealthy Scotch merchant believed that if the canal was brought to Manchester, it would attract many merchants to establish themselves there, and create competition for the trade, which was then in few hands. He therefore retained Patrick Henry with a large fee, to oppose the adoption of the proposed route of the canal, and if he did not show his judgment in opposing the improvement, he did in the selection of his counsel, for Henry succeeded in diverting the canal to the Richmond side, and his client lived to see the folly of his selfish policy. One by one the merchants of Manchester removed to Richmond, and Mr. L. was "left alone in his glory," to retail the old remnants from his shelves, with no inducement to replenish them.

Manchester continued to decline until no trade remained, but its great command of water power, its cheap property and its comparative exemption from taxes, began to

revive it after some years. It now contains two extensive cotton-mills, two flour-mills one of large size, a foundry, a machine-shop, and several large tobacco-factories, and the town in its corporate capacity having a right to half the water-power of James River, can furnish an additional number of mill-sites. Its ruinous old houses are being vamped up and new ones built, and should it obtain a communication with Richmond, untaxed by tolls, it will probably attract many residents, to its handsome hill-sides and heights, and mechanics to occupy the streets below them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THERE formerly stood near the corner of Franklin and Governor or Thirteenth streets, opposite to the present Whig building, a plain wooden house, painted with yellow ochre (then a favorite because a cheap paint), on the front of which was inscribed "*Office of the Mutual Assurance Company, against Fire, of Virginia.*

At the head of this establishment was Wm. F. Ast, the projector of the system of mutual assurance in this country and the "principal agent," as he signed himself. Mr. Ast was a Prussian by birth, a small, shrivelled, wizen-faced man, who looked as if he was a descendant of the mother of vinegar; but although his aspect was sour, he was a man of considerable talent and was devoted to the Institution of which he might be considered the founder. His prime minister was Louis M. Rivalain, entitled Secretary—a Turk by birth but not a Mahometan—an accomplished clerk

and a clever man in the Virginia sense of the term, though not handsome.

Mr. Ast brought from Prussia the plan of mutual insurance, which he introduced here and succeeded in extending its operations very widely in town and country. If the system could have been carried out in our republic, as it was in that monarchy, the utility might have proved far greater than it has. There, if I am not mistaken, the Great (despot) Frederick required all his subjects to have their houses insured against fire, as he required every new married couple to buy a certain quantity of china to encourage his porcelain manufactory. The plan of insurance, compulsory in Prussia, but voluntary in Virginia, was an excellent one, if it could be carried out here as it was there. Every person paid a certain quota of insurance on the value of his house or houses, and these quotas, of several per cent. in the first instance, constituted a fund, the interest of which was expected to be adequate to the amount of losses, so that the one contribution was to give perpetual security for indemnity in case of loss. But if the losses by fire should prove so far beyond reasonable calculation as to exhaust the fund, then a new quota was

demanded to reconstitute it. This system might succeed very well in Prussia where payments could be promptly enforced for quotas, as well as punishments for arson; besides another important consideration, that buildings are less combustible, or fires much less frequent in Europe than in the United States.

Mr. Ast's calculations may not have embraced these obstacles to success, but his plan bore so favorable an aspect that a great por tion of the houses in various towns and many in the country were insured, and the quotas furnished a handsome capital. But our towns were in those days built chiefly of wood, and insurance seems to have rendered them more inflammable. In succession very extensive fires occurred in Norfolk, Richmond, Petersburg and Fredericksburg, and as the Insurance Company could not or did not refuse to take any number of contiguous risks, their first quota was exhausted in a few years. When a second one was required, there was not much difficulty in collecting it in the towns, but it was otherwise in the country. It was very pleasant to be insured, but not to pay premiums. The insurance continued whether the quota was paid or not, but it

constituted a lien on the property which was of too little weight to be noticed. After a third quota, or perhaps a fourth, had been demanded, it was found necessary for the security of townsmen, to separate their interest from the countrymen, and the office was divided into two branches, but ultimately the country branch became defunct. The town office is continued, but an annual premium is now required, though less than that of other offices.

It was supposed that one of the regulations of the Company to insure only four-fifths of the valuation of the buildings (requiring the owners to risk the other fifth) would have been sufficient to secure the Company against arson by the owner, for the purpose of obtaining the amount insured, but the mode of valuation rendered the four-fifths plan nugatory. The Company's agent undertook to assess the value of the buildings, and instead of estimating how much the property could be sold for and taking the value of the land into consideration, he estimated the cost of erecting the house and deducted from that the probable wear and tear and decay. This was offering a bonus to incendiaries. In some of our towns and in portions of others,

real estate could not be sold for a fourth or an eighth part of the cost of the buildings on it, but after being insured and offered for sale, one great recommendation to unprincipled purchasers was the amount of the policy in the Mutual Assurance Office. The Company would have done better to have bought such property than to have insured it—they might in some instances have saved seventy-five per cent. or more, or indeed have made an actual profit. Property was bought, not on the basis of rental but of insurance made on a bad basis, and when bought it was rented to the most careless tenant, or left vacant and set on fire. The Insurance Company may be considered under its old organization, the prime mover in the destruction of a great portion of one small town, and no doubt of some portion of others.

In Frederick's dominions they would have been much less combustible.

CHAPTER XXX.

MANUFACTURES AND MILLS.

THE attempts to establish *manufactories* in Richmond on the joint-stock principle, have been almost invariably unsuccessful and not in Richmond only, but throughout the South; and I might add the North also, with the exception of those establishments which are owned by a few stockholders who look to their interests.

When England and France were vying with each other which could commit the greatest outrages on our commerce, by their Orders in Council and Berlin and Milan Decrees, (Napoleon dating his edicts from almost any capital he chose,) and when we resorted to the terrapin policy of Embargo and Non-intercourse, to prepare for war by depriving ourselves of the means to conduct it, then among other patriotic resolutions adopted at public meetings, was one that we should dress in domestic fabrics; and as homespun "was the only wear," the price of coarse mixed *Virginia cotton cloth* was a dollar or

more a yard for such as is now worth twelve or eighteen cents, and many of our citizens who could afford it, especially the politicians of the Terrapin party, were thus arrayed from head to foot.

As the primitive spinning-wheels and hand-looms could not supply the patriotic demand for their productions, a resort to machinery was proposed.

A large meeting was held at the Capitol about the year 1809, to raise by subscription a sufficient sum (no trifling one) for the establishment of an extensive cotton and woolen factory. The patriotic fervor overflowed in frothy speeches, but when it subsided it left no substantial residuum in cash.

Parson Blair made some fun of it in a satire commencing thus:—

> "I've seen with pleasure in your patriot city,
> The appointment of a most august committee,
> To encourage manufactures of our own
> And bring Old England to her marrow bone,
> To spoil her commerce, since she's made us wroth,
> And bring her pride down with Virginia cloth."

Fortunately for the few who were disposed to subscribe for the mules and jennies, there were not backers enough to second them, and the project failed. An individual (B. J. Harris) who had twisted tobacco successfully,

was the first to engage in the twisting of cotton, but not successfully, and his mill was converted to the more congenial purpose of grinding wheat.

Some years later, joint-stock companies were formed for the manufacture of cotton, wool, iron, paper, &c., expensive buildings were erected, the works put in operation, and while everything was new, and improved machinery not introduced elsewhere, some dividends were paid—but prosperity was of short duration. The raw materials were bought with cash, or if on credit, at a high rate; the manufactured article had to be sold on credit, and generally to be shipped to the North for a market, incurring heavy charges. Dividends ceased, debts were contracted, and, to wind up the concern, the establishment was sold, at a loss to the stockholders of fifty or seventy-five per cent. It now became the property of an individual, or of a few partners. Presidents, directors, agents, &c., were dispensed with. Instead of being everybody's business, it was somebody's, and each establishment in succession passed from a corporate body to an individual one, and from decay to prosperity.

The amount of capital thus sunk by stock,

holders in various manufacturing establishments in almost every town in Virginia, would count up to millions, but it was fortunately distributed among many parties. Their successors are rendering benefits to the community as well as to themselves, by employing a large number of workmen, and giving occupation indirectly to the various classes of tradesmen, farmers, landlords, &c., with whom the former deal.

The iron foundries and machine shops in Richmond are numerous, and some of them on a large scale. The boilers and machinery for two of the largest ships of war are in course of construction at the Tredegar Works, where cannon are made in great numbers for our ships and forts.

When the raw materials for manufactures which our interior can supply, and the water-power extending some miles above the city, to convert them into useful fabrics, shall be practically developed, Richmond may become one of the largest manufacturing cities in the Union.*

* Although not immediately pertaining to my subject, I will here take occasion to note, on the authority of Col. Byrd, that Col. Spotswood, on the Rappannock, was the first person in America who built a furnace for making pig (or *sow*) iron. There were some bloomeries in New England and Pennsylvania, and following the Col.'s example,

I have alluded to the Embargo and Non-intercourse which preceded the war of 1812 with Great Britain. The destitution of the country of many articles of the first necessity, caused by these precedents, was very severe; for they operated to prevent importations before war was declared; whereas the utmost facility should have been given to obtain abundant stocks of articles of the first necessity to prepare for the coming contest.

Salt sold in Richmond at one period of the war at twenty-five dollars per sack, and some persons undertook to make it along the seashore, by boiling the salt water in large kettles; others in vats, by solar evaporation. Brown sugar sold at twenty-five cents or more per pound, coffee at forty or fifty cents, and almost all imported commodities in proportion.

The supplies we obtained were not so

they introduced furnaces. There were at this time (1732) four furnaces in Virginia, near the Rappannock, above Fredericksburg, and the sow iron they made was carted fifteen to twenty-four miles to boat navigation, thence down to the port of shipment, where it was put on board, vessels for England, at a freight of 7*s.* 6*d.* per ton (in lieu of ballast,) which with the other charges on it amounted to 20*s.*, and it was sold at 120*s.* per ton. There were at that date so few ships from Philadelphia that the makers of iron in Pennsylvania had to work it up for home use. At that time, says Byrd, "Great Britain imported from Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Muscovy, *no less!* than 20,000 tons yearly." Great Britain now produces over three million tons.

much by importation as by capture from the enemy. Our privateers were numerous, daring, and frequently successful in getting their prizes into those ports which the enemy could not easily blockade.

The exports we made from Richmond, Petersburg, &c., were chiefly by way of Amelia Island, at the northern extremity of East Florida, then a Spanish colony and neutral. Tobacco, the principal and almost the only article, was transported partly in small vessels through the inlets and sounds of North and South Carolina and Georgia, partly by wagons, at an enormous expense and risk, and with great labor and trouble—but all these were well compensated by the price of four or five shillings sterling per pound for such as got safely to market, the first cost being about as many cents.

The central position of Virginia was most unfavorable for this forced trade. The New England States resorted to Eastport, in Maine, on our north-eastern boundary, where there seemed to exist a good understanding with their opposite neighbours and enemies. They each obeyed the injunction, "Love your enemies as yourselves." The same vessel might be repeatedly captured and recaptured, and

the prize money on both sides be divided between the amicable belligerents—friendly spoliations being made by previous arrangements.

The dangerous coast of North Carolina was deemed a safeguard by some enterprising men, who relied on the fleetness of their clippers and the dangers of their coast, to carry on trade with Cuba, &c.

Virginia had to depend chiefly on hard knocks, and Norfolk rejoiced now and then in the arrival of some captured ship, a prize to her Saucy Jack or daring Roger. A similar recourse for supplies and a similar employment for our vessels will not, I hope, recur.

The first grist mill in Richmond was built, I am told, near the spot where *Haxall's* mills now stand, or run. It was a mere wooden shanty, built on the rocks in the river, and approached by planks laid from one rock to another. The machinery was a common tub wheel, propelled by a natural rapid, and gave motion to a pair of mill stones, which served to grind corn for the inhabitants. Twenty-two pair now grind eight hundred barrels of flour per day, more or less, according to circumstances; and from the extensive additions

to the buildings recently made, perhaps some ten or twenty pair more may be added to the establishment.

In the long interval between the erection of the shanty and of Haxall's mills, the site of the latter was occupied by *Ross's mills*, which were swept off by a freshet and rebuilt. They then acquired celebrity as *Gallego's mills*, the first of the name, and resisted the floods to fall a victim to the flames, as did the next generation of mills on the same spot.

The Gallego mills changed their locality to a site on the canal, some miles above the city, and these twice shared the fate of their predecessors. Then was erected a much larger establishment on the basin, which after a few years was also destroyed by fire. The enterprising owners however, nothing daunted, rebuilt them on even a more extended scale, and are now erecting another building of similar dimensions, machinery in which can, if introduced, be propelled by the same water-power repeated—constituting probably the largest mills in the world.

A portion of the *Armory* has been converted (like the sword to a ploughshare,) into a flour mill; but I believe the State is not a

partner, and may permit it on the ground that it is better to manufacture food than fire-arms. A large flour mill has been erected at Tredegar, a short distance above the armory, and here grain is ground and cannons are cast in close proximity. This, however, as well as two flour mills, *Taliaferro's* and *Bragg's*, on the *Manchester* side, are all of recent construction, and do not belong to by-gone days; but those do which preceded them and occupied the same ground. *Cunningham's*, afterwards *Rutherford's* mill, and also a distillery and a tan-yard, stood where the *Tredegar Iron Works* are. The mill was burnt and rebuilt, and burned again, if I mistake not; and Mr. Rutherford built a mill higher up the canal, which suffered the fate of Sebastopol, by bombardment, in the process of blasting rock to widen the canal.

To a stranger, a walk along the banks of the canal is well compensated by a view of the Armory, the Tredegar Iron Works, the mills, the Water Works, Belle Isle, (where there are also Iron Works,) and the Rapids; and though last, not least, the Hollywood Cemetery.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TOBACCO WAREHOUSES.

WHERE *Tobacco* is in almost every ones mouth, either for mastication, fumigation, inhalation, or discussion, and where it constitutes one of the most important commercial staples; it seems proper to notice it, though I fear that my fair readers, if I have any, may turn up their pretty noses at it, instead of turning it up their pretty noses, against which latter turn I enter my protest, as well as against the practice of *dipping*, which I will not explain, lest an Eve-like, and evil curiosity might induce some now sweet lips to try the experiment, and I won't play the serpent to tempt them.

Tobacco is now an universal medium of introduction among those who are addicted to its use; but in the early days of Virginia, and until the last seventy or eighty years, it was a *circulating medium* in the place of money. Even the parson's salary and fees were rated at so many pounds of tobacco, estimated at two pence per pound.

The *Tobacco Warehouses* or Inspections in Richmond, fifty years ago, were *Shockœ*, a mere cluster of wooden sheds; *Byrd's*, of brick, opposite to the present Exchange hotel; and *Rockets*, of which a portion of the walls is now standing, their aspect from the river having the appearance of an old fortification. The two latter ceased their vocation long since, as has also one of later date, below Rockets, called *Powhatan*, from being built near the wigwam of that King. It is now converted into a number of dwellings, and serves to shelter other heads than hogs-heads. In later years, the *Public warehouse* on the Basin became an Inspection and *Seabrook's* was built in the valley.

In old times a furnace stood near each warehouse, and tobacco unfit for export, was treated as heretics were at an *auto-da-fé*, as being unfit for salvation—both were burned; and now both are suffered to pass for what they are worth.

The primitive mode of transporting tobacco to market was curious. The cask containing it, was actually rolled to market on its own periphery, through mud and stream. A long wooden spike driven into the centre of each end, and projecting a few inches be-

yond it, served for an axletree, a split sapling was fitted to it for shafts, and extended in rear of the cask, they were there connected by a hickory withe; a few slabs were nailed to these, in front of the cask, forming a sort of foot board, or box, in which were stowed a middling or two of bacon, a bag of meal, a frying pan, a hoe, an axe, and a blanket, for the bipeds; the whole covered to some height with fodder, for the quadrupeds. If the distance to market was moderate, the hogshead was rolled on its hoops, which were stout and numerous; but if fifty to a hundred miles, or more, were to be overcome, rough felloes were spiked on at each end, or quarter of the cask, and these rude tires served to protect it from being worn through. Rough fellows also were the conductors.

The *tobacco roller*, as the driver (often the owner) was called, sought no roof for shelter, during his journey, sometimes of a week's duration and severe toil; but at nightfall he kindled a fire in the woods by the road side, baked a hoe cake, fried some bacon, fed his team, (I omitted to mention the bag of corn), rolled his blanket around him, and slept by the fire, under the lee of his cask.

When he reached the warehouse, his to-

bacco was inspected, a note or receipt expressing the weight, etc., was handed to him, and he then sallied forth into the streets in search of a purchaser; calling out as he entered a store, "Mister, do you buy tobacco?" When he had found the right "Mister," and obtained his money, and a few articles to carry to his "old woman," he strapped the blanket on one of his horses and rode home. These men generally travelled in small parties, and if the weather and roads were good, had a merry time of it; if bad, they assisted each other, when obstacles occurred.

The journey from beyond Roanoke, which then consumed six days, is now performed in as many hours, and for the labor of two hundred and fifty horses, and almost as many men and boys, (for a boy usually accompanied each man) during ten days going and returning, is now substituted a train of railroad cars, with some four or five men, for half a day, and at one-fourth of the expense.

It were superfluous to draw the contrast of those days with the present. Tobacco rollers are an extinct species. Instead of them, tobacco buyers throng the warehouses. Manufactories of the weed have sprung up in every direction. The largest buildings in

the city are, with few exceptions, tobacco factories, and I may venture to say that more tobacco is manufactured in Richmond, than in any other place in the world. Such vulgar terms as *negro-head* and *pig-tail* are discarded, and the most fanciful ones substituted, "*Honey-dew*," "*Christian's-comfort*," "*Heart's-delight*," "*Perfect-love*," "*Rose-bud*," and "*Cousin-Sally*," are adopted. Artists are employed to design and execute embellishments for the packages, and various sweets, spirits, spices, and essences, are used to give flavor or to conceal it.

Italy, Spain, and France, furnish thousands of boxes of Liquorice and of Olive Oil to sweeten, and to brighten the quid—but they do not accept a *quid pro quo*, by permitting the importation of "Christian's-comfort," or "Heart's-delight," or any other of the consolations prepared abroad, for the lovers of tobacco.

NOTE.—The following advertisement, which does not exclude Liquorice, Rum, Olive Oil, and Sugar, will give an idea of the condiments used in preparing tobacco for mastication.

"To Tobacconists—500 lbs. large black Angustura Tongua Beans; 200 lbs. Oil of Cinnamon, Cloves, Peppt., &c.; 1,000 lbs. good Gum Arabic, in bales, low priced; 25 bottles English Essential Oil Bitter Almonds; 1,000 lbs. Cloves, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cassia, &c.; Oil of Sweet-Flag Root; Branding Paint, red and blue; a large assortment of copper bound Branding Brushes; Varnish; Spirits Turpentine, and every article used about a factory, at low prices."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

IN February, 1816, the Legislature of Virginia applied to Bushrod Washington, for permission to remove to Richmond the remains of his illustrious relative, over which they would erect a suitable monument. Judge Washington was constrained by the will of his uncle to decline the request.

On the 22d February, 1817, the legislature authorized the opening of subscriptions throughout the State, to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to WASHINGTON, limiting the sum of each individual subscription to twenty dollars.

The enthusiasm in Richmond was such, that several gentlemen evaded the limitation by inscribing the names of their wives and children with twenty dollars affixed to each.

Official agents were appointed in each county to obtain subscriptions. Some did not take the trouble to act, and, perhaps, some found it more convenient to retain, than to report the sums collected, and due

accountability was probably not enforced. So it was, however, that out of $13,063 collected, about four-fifths were obtained in Richmond, if my memory serves.

It is mortifying to record such apathy on such a subject. Can it be fairly ascribed to the absence of party stimulants? Would apathy have prevailed had the glorification of some hero of the day, who could reward his followers, been the object sought, instead of a token of gratitude to *the man and the hero, not of the day, but of all time?*

This paltry sum, (considering that Virginia was the donor) was deposited in the Treasury, and there it remained idle, or was supposed to remain; but when other monies were missing, it was discovered that the monument fund was gone. The State, however, very properly assumed the responsibility, and on the 22d February, 1828, a resolution was adopted, ordering the fund to be placed on interest. Thus it remained until 1848, when it had accumulated to $41,833, with the aid of a new general subscription, which did not prove large.

On the 22d February, 1849, the Historical Society of Virginia, or influential members of it, stimulated the legislature to enact, that a

monument should be erected on the Capitol Square in Richmond, and to appropriating such sum as should be required, in addition to the funds collected, to make an aggregate of $100,000.

On the 22d February, 1850, (action always appropriately recurring on that day,) the *corner stone of the monument* was laid in the Capitol Square, by General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, in the presence of a throng of the civil and military, of associations of all descriptions, of officials, of mothers and their children, such as never before assembled in Richmond, and foremost of all the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, few in number, but attracting general attention.

The premium for the best model was judiciously awarded to *Crawford*, the sculptor, who, after giving instructions for the granite work, proceeded to Rome to model the statuary, and thence to Munich to have it cast in bronze. Thus far he has succeeded most admirably, and the work bids fair to establish his fame on a higher pinnacle than it had previously attained.

Not so fortunate was the first appointment of a superintendent of the granite work, and

of the disbursements pertaining to the erection of basement, column and pedestals. The person who by some means obtained the appointment, proved unworthy of confidence.

This trust, which it was almost sacrilege to abuse, was thus victimized to misfeasance and malfeasance in its inception, in its progress, and in a portion of its execution. It is to be hoped that it will arrive at completion without further defilement.

It is a source of regret to many, that the statue of *Marshall*, the friend and biographer of *Washington*, the impersonation of the judiciary, has not been assigned to one of the six pedestals that surround the more elevated one of the great personage to whose fame the structure is erected.

Statesmanship, in the person of Jefferson, and Mason, will occupy two of the six pedestals—Henry represents Eloquence on another, and it is proposed to allot the other three to military heroes, leaving Justice unrepresented, and thereby proving her absence emblematically and really.

It is not denied that each worthy who has as yet been chosen, merits the distinction, and it is honorable to Virginia that she has had so many worthy sons; but like many parents

she is not impartial, and leaves unnoticed some of her most distinguished.

The honor of even conferring on a county the name of Clay has been refused, perhaps it may be thought more honored in the breach than the observance.

Should the constituted authorities decline to erect a statue to Marshall, let the citizens do justice to him and to themselves, and show their appreciation of his character by undertaking the work without distinction of party, which his memory will long survive.

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose race is run."

NOTE.—Since the above was penned, it is said that a statue of Marshall will occupy one of the pedestals.—So mote it be!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE VISIT OF LAFAYETTE.

THE greatest popular enthusiasm I ever witnessed was excited by the *visit of Lafayette* to the United States in 1824, when in his sixty-seventh year, but erect in person as in principle, and apparently with his mental and physical powers but little impaired. In 1777, at the age of nineteen, he first came to this country to volunteer his services.

His ovation was very different from that which is conferred on a political favorite of the day, in which one party only feels an interest, and many members of that party from interested motives. Nor was it like the triumph bestowed on a military or naval hero, which the blaze of glory kindles. Lafayette was welcomed and honored by the promptings of gratitude, which feeling he had in his youth inspired in the hearts of our fathers, for his disinterested and efficient aid in obtaining our independence; and by our admiration of his subsequent course in seek-

ing to establish freedom in his native land, without violence or bloodshed.

The whole American nation seemed to love and honor him. Wherever he appeared every demonstration of these feelings was exhibited in the most conspicuous manner. In Richmond, people from all parts of the State assembled to see him, to cheer him and to touch his hand. Many a Revolutionary soldier left the comforts of home to welcome one who had partaken of the same dangers and hardships; and mothers brought their children, to see and to impress on their youthful minds the memory of the man who was beloved by Washington.

The pageant was all that its actors could devise and execute. The only alloy to their gratification was the fatigue it imposed on its beloved object. The arm of the old soldier was almost shaken from its socket, and his hand was bruised and benumbed by the grasp, not always gentle, of the thousands that sought to press it. Every window of the streets through which the long procession passed, was filled with the smiling faces of mothers and daughters. Handkerchiefs waved like the leaves of a forest in a gale, and shouts

of welcome arose, drowning the music of the martial instruments.

No apartment in the city was sufficiently capacious for the ball which was to be given, where the ladies might have the privilege of saluting Lafayette hand to hand; if not lip to lip. The entire area embraced in the quadrangle formed by the surrounding buildings and galleries of the Exchange Hotel, a space of about eight thousand square feet, was floored over and covered with awnings and flags, to form a ball-room; and large as was the space it was well filled.

Lafayette's memory was sufficiently tenacious to enable him to recognize many of those whom he had known during the war, from brother officers down to the faithful black servant James, who was again ready to wait on him after a lapse of forty-five years.

The honors shown to Lafayette did honor to the country, inspired as they were by gratitude for his services and admiration of his character. How different from the incense offered to party leaders, who are ready generally to lead whichever party can furnish the most numerous troop of followers; or how different from that which follows in the train

of a successful candidate, whose office confers patronage, and is apt to confer it on those who have been the most ready tools for his promotion,—not those who are most capable and honest to ensure a faithful performance of their duties.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MUSEUM.

SYDNEY SMITH, not the hero, but the man of wisdom and of wit, tells us how the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne was changed by the antic capers of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown at a Court Ball. And the first effort to introduce in Richmond an establishment connected with the fine arts, was caused by the fracture of a dancing-master's leg. The sufferer by this disaster was a votary of the Graces and of some of the Muses. The aid of music was required to inspire and to regulate the movements of the dance. The former obeyed the action of his hands and the latter of his feet, simultaneously, and by their congenial operations he sought to confer grace on his pupils, and to inspire them with "the poetry of motion;" and moreover by these means to provide bread for his family.

The fracture of the leg spoiled his dancing, but nothing daunted by being compelled to relinquish the service of Terpsichore, he sought,

instead of dancing, the favor of a sister art, that of painting, and to substitute the brush for the fiddle-stick. His success in the newly adopted vocation was remarkable, considering the disadvantages under which it was wrought for; but as the emolument derived from it was small, he determined to invoke the aid of all the arts and sciences at once by establishing a *Museum*.

The legislature granted him permission to erect a building for the purpose, on the Capitol Square; but a location was unfortunately assigned for it, which obstructed the entrance to the Square from Franklin Street on the east, and worse still, after the Museum was removed, the obstruction was rendered permanent by the erection of the State Courthouse on the same spot.

The effort to erect a Museum, which at any other time would have been hopeless, was made in the *flush times* of Richmond, and succeeded. The funds were raised by subscription, and a building quite capacious was erected. As the fantastic order of architecture prevailed at that time, the Museum partook of that character; but it was quite commodious in its arrangements. One apartment was devoted to paintings, another to

statuary, and as the specimens of the latter consisted chiefly in plaster casts of ancient master-pieces, many of them in a nude state, that apartment was considered by the fastidiously modest, as forbidden ground, unless it could be visited slyly and without the risk of encountering bolder spectators.

Other apartments contained the usual assortment of stuffed beasts, birds, and reptiles; a fair display of butterflies, spiders, and other insects; also specimens of minerals, &c., &c.; but the department of conchology was the most complete, and on the whole the collection was very creditable, considering the limited means of its founder.

The only living specimen was a rattlesnake, and he came to his death in a remarkable manner. A mouse was introduced into the cage for his breakfast, on which he did not make an immediate assault, either because the weather was cool, or his appetite was not sharp. The mouse watched his motions, and as soon as he began to coil, the mouse leaped on his head and nibbled away so industriously as to cause his death. The valour of the mouse was recorded in the papers of the day.

After the novelty of the sights in the Mu-

seum wore off, the visiters to it became small by degrees and beautifully less, for children constituted the far greater number. The gods, goddesses and heroes began to show the dust of antiquity, as if they belonged to it, and here and there the loss of a limb might be observed, to which the statue was fairly entitled according to the original.

In this decline of the fine arts, when even the door-keeper neglected his duty, or found his office a sine-cure, unlike most sine-cures, without pay, a party of playful girls having provided themselves with some cast-off toggery, waited on the goddesses in the quality of hand-maidens, and arrayed them in trim to receive the most fastidious visitor. Imagine Venus in a checked apron and neckerchief; Ceres in a straw hat and jacket; and Diana in a fur tippet and petticoat; Apollo wearing a cocked hat, like the Indian Chief who made a visit to one of our officers in that *full* dress.

The heathens retained their unclassical raiment for some short time before the masquerade was known, so few visited their shrines; but when it was rumored abroad, a perfect rush was made to see the celestials in their new or rather old attire, apparelled as mortals. It was their last appearance—degraded

in the eyes of those whose ancestors had worshipped them, they would no longer expose themselves to those eyes. Instead of an apotheosis, they are probably resolved into their original elements. The dust of Ceres scattered on the fields and turned to grass, may by transmigration have been converted into a cow, and have fattened on the fields her remains had fertilized.

Venus reduced to her original element, may have nourished myrtles, and fed her doves on the berries, all unconscious of their celestial food. Or perhaps, some love-sick swain may have eloped with her in her entirety, (as Kossuth would say) to nourish his passion, and to worship her as the image of his lady-love.

One of the mortals who was a companion of the heathen deities in this terrestrial Olympus, suffered the fate of mortality, and *his* clay being mortal, can be traced. A resurrectionist conveyed Laocöon's body to the medical college; whether as a subject for the professor's knife, or as a study for anatomy and extraordinary development of the muscles, this his deponent saith not.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOTTERIES.

LOTTERY-OFFICES were once a great nuisance in Richmond, except to the keepers of them, who were very numerous and found the business more profitable to themselves than to their customers. That the latter were rather ashamed of their dealings was evinced by the screens which were placed in most offices to conceal their customers.

Many persons of intelligence and good judgment on other subjects were so infatuated on that of lotteries, or of luck, that they could not resist the temptation to purchase tickets, and some of these would expend their last dollar, or the dollar they could borrow, rather than pass "The Temple of Fortune" without paying tribute to the Goddess. Blank after blank did not dishearten them, and like the patient and hopeful angler, if they drew a small prize, it was a "glorious nibble" of encouragement to continue the sport. The drawing of a high prize by some more lucky adventurer, increased the excitement and stimulated them to adventure more largely.

The families of some of these infatuated visionaries, were straitened for the comforts, if not for the necessaries of life, by the incessant mis-appropriation to the purchase of tickets, of the means that should have been applied to their support. Every drawing was looked forward to with the hope and even the expectation of being made rich by the high prize. Lucky numbers were dreamed of and purchased, and proved to be mere dreams. Lucky persons (who did not buy tickets for themselves) were begged to purchase a ticket for the poor visionary. In vain did want and ruin stare them in the face. The great placard, with its great figures of great prizes, stared also, and brightened or concealed the gloomy aspect of ruin. Thus, some persons that I knew, hoped against hope to the end of the chapter, and the grave closed their unrealized visions.

The calculation of chances did not enter into their minds, as it does into some of those who risk their money at faro (a fairer chance) by pricking off the cards and calculating the probability of what would next turn up. Fortune was to them truly a blind goddess, and blindly did they pursue and worship her. "Going it blind," was their motto.

It is somewhat remarkable that but a

few of the few who drew high prizes long retained the wealth they had thus easily acquired. It induced them (as it did also the unlucky) to try their luck again, not on one ticket but on a package at a time, and I have known more than one or two instances of fortunes of $50,000, $100,000, and even more, attained in prizes, whose possessors died poor. Indeed, when I heard of the lucky drawer of a high prize, I took for granted either that he had expended a great deal of money before his luck came, or that he would expend a great deal in hopes it would come again.

The injurious effect of lotteries on slaves was much to be deprecated. Their earnings, and especially those of the hands employed in tobacco factories, who are paid liberally for work beyond their moderate tasks, went freely to the lottery offices, or to such of them as did not look to the color of the money or of the customers. Whether prizes, if drawn by such ignorant ones, were or were not fairly accounted for, depended very much on the vender of the ticket. A dishonest one might deceive them under the complicity of the "Combination System"—a combination truly to despoil those who ventured within its influence. The old system was bad enough, as

an incentive to gambling, but under that, all the prizes *were* drawn, and the adventurer knew what were the chances against him.

Lotteries and the sale of tickets are now happily prohibited in Virginia and many other States, but while permitted in any one, the evil, like the insidious roots of a cancer, will spread secretly to other parts.

The operation of procuring a ticket now is, I am told, as rapid as that of the telegraph. An order for one, covering the cash and handed into the office (not the post-office) can be immediately responded to. The ticket is remitted in another letter, before the customer can smoke out his cigar. It is to be hoped that this contraband trade is not extensively carried on, and that the universal prohibition of lotteries may destroy it entirely.

There is a frequent evasion of the law on a small scale, by the distribution of mock jewelry and other trash, as prizes to the purchasers of tickets to a show, or subscribers to a paper. Should not a legal remedy be applied?

Some of the States which have no lotteries of their own, are now rendered tributary to Havana, by the extensive sale of tickets in lotteries there, which are advertised or otherwise announced in the papers of New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHURCH CONVERSIONS.

IN Chapter X. it is mentioned that many churches had been built and converted to other uses. The conversion of sinners to the church was reversed in Richmond, by the conversion of the church to the use of sinners. From sacred functions they were degraded to profane ones.

It may gratify the curious to mention some of the instances. The first place of worship built in Richmond in the present century was at the foot of Church Hill, on the corner of Franklin and Nineteenth streets—a small and exceedingly plain building for the use of the Methodist Society. After being devoted many years to the object of its erection, and in preparing sinners for a future state with the bread of life, it was diverted to the purpose of nourishing them in the present state with baker's bread. In this vocation it continued to furnish worldly instead of spiritual comfort for many years, until smitten by a fiery vengeance.

On the spot where it stood, is now erected a tobacco factory large enough for a Cathedral, and not only by the belfry which surmounts it, but also by the sounds that proceed from within its walls, might it be mistaken for one, as might several other similar establishments; for many of the negroes, male and female, employed in the factories, have acquired such skill in psalmody and have generally such fine voices, that it is a pleasure to listen to the sacred music with which they beguile the hours of labour. Besides the naturally fine voice and ear for music which seems to have been given to the black race, (perhaps to enable them "to whistle and to sing for want of thought,") many of the slaves in Richmond have acquired some knowledge of music by note, and may be seen, even in the factories, with their books of psalmody open on the work-bench. How much worse off are they than operatives in a factory in Old, or even in New England?

At the foot also of Church Hill, on Main and Twenty-sixth streets, was erected a Catholic church, too large for the small number of worshipers when it was built, some thirty or forty years ago, and too small for the large number of later years. It was

converted to Presbyterianism, and after adhering to this church for some years, it fell, (as a witty friend tells me,) "into the sere and yellow leaf," and became devoted to tobacco. It is now a tobacco factory, and its original dimensions are trebled, if not quadrupled in size. A host of blacks now work there in twisting tobacco where *the sacred Host* was formerly elevated by the priest. A solution of liquorice has taken the place of holy water; but possibly the establishment may be employed in the manufacture of "Christian's Comfort," a commodity already mentioned. Here also fine psalmody may be heard, as of yore, and the organ loft is still occupied by a choir, but one whose music *ceases* on Sabbaths and Holy days.

On Franklin street, near Thirteenth, stands an edifice designated, until lately, as the First Presbyterian Church, where that distinguished, learned, eloquent, and witty clergyman, the Rev. W. S. Plummer, of the Presbyterian Church, formerly officiated, and previously to him that celebrated divine the Rev. J. H. Rice, and where several other bright lights have shone in the same pulpit. Its members now worship in a much more commodious and handsome temple, fronting the Capitol

square. The former edifice is now converted into a place for public shows and entertainments, and called *Metropolitan Hall.* Negro melodies have there also taken the place of sacred music, but white or mock negroes are the melodists. Instead of the Decalogue, the wall is sometimes decorated with a diorama; and the juggler has supplanted the minister.

A Methodist Church of goodly dimensions, on Eleventh street, near the American hotel, is now, in greatly enlarged ones, a tobacco factory, which seems to be the most usual course of conversion; and what is remarkable in this case, it has once been tenanted, in its present vocation, by a Rev. gentleman who formerly occupied a pulpit.

Two or three places of worship on Shockœ Hill have been divided into tenements for families. Perhaps a division in the congregation may have preceded that of the church.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EAGLE, THE HORSE AND THE TIGER.

THERE formerly stood on the east side of Eleventh, between Main and Carey Streets, a wooden house of one story, once the residence of a respectable citizen, but afterwards known as "*The Profile House*," being occupied by the operator of that primitive machine for taking likenesses, by reducing on paper the actual outlines of the face, which were passed over by the arm of the instrument, and the block or head being cut out, was replaced with black paper, thus giving a black face on a white ground. These specimens of the fine arts were as much in vogue as Daguerreotypes are now, but they gradually lost favor, the business slackened, and the house was vacated, and it continued apparently vacant, though strange noises were heard in it, and no tenant had the courage to occupy it after a night's trial. It then obtained the name of the *Haunted House.*

About that time there was said to be a

fine horse in the Eagle Stables in rear of the haunted house, but the uninitiated who went to see him, came away disappointed. Those who obtained the countersign, and inquired for *Col. K.'s horse* were shown through a vacant stall, and through a door at the rear of it, into a passage which led to the haunted house—but there, instead of the horse, they found the *tiger*, and many were bitten by him.

I need not explain to any but simple and unbitten readers, that the ghost which haunted the house, held a *Faro-bank* there—but there *might* well have been some fearful spectre there; for it is fair to presume an alliance between the black-legs and their patron, the prince of darkness, and the unearthly sounds he might create would have no terrors for his disciples.

I do not vouch for the correctness of this legend, as I did not have my profile taken—did not hear the noises—did not inquire for the horse, and never saw *the* tiger. I can only vouch for the identity of the house, and of the Colonel.

The first *tiger* I ever did see, (wild beasts were then exclusive, and did not form a social circle as of late days, when the elephant and lion, no longer retaining their dignity, associate on the same footing with the sloth and

the monkey, thus introducing equality without liberty in their quadrupedal society.) I repeat, after this long parenthesis, that the first Tiger I ever saw, a real honest Tiger was exhibited in the wooden building—now occupied as the Enquirer Printing Office, below the Capitol Square; but then standing at the corner on Main street, diagonally opposite to Bowler's tavern, the grand sire of St. Charles hotel. But that tiger was caged, and did not entice his visitors within reach of his claws. The tiger that now prowls about the city in search of his prey, although encompassed by statutes and penalties, is unmolested, and attracts many visitors to his den, baited as it is with the choicest viands. Even some of those who denounced the monster, and directed that he should be caught and caged, and others, whose duty it is to catch and cage him, cannot resist the enticements offered by his *baits* and his attractive *spots*, and fall like birds in the serpent's charm.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GAS AND WATER.

RICHMOND may claim the honor of being among the first, if not the very first city lighted with gas. An adventurer, or a philosopher named Henfrey, in the infancy of the present century, visited Richmond, and induced some of its citizens, scientific or curious, to witness his process of pouring flame, instead of steam or water, from the spout of a tea-kettle. His experiments with a better apparatus were also successful.—Money was raised by subscription and *a light house* (an octagonal tower of brick) was erected on the then highest point easily accessible on Main street; which was in front of where the American Hotel now stands, and at the intersection of the streets there. A large lantern with many jets surmounted the tower at the height of some forty feet. The gas was generated in a kind of still in the basement and conducted by a pipe to the burners. The experiment on the first night and for several subsequent ones, was more successful than

we would now think possible, comparing the simple apparatus then used, with the complex one and the large and numerous structures now required. Like a recent and not more successful projector in Washington, whose light on the summit of the dome of the capitol was to enlighten the wide extent of space around it, constituting the city, Mr. Henfrey's light was to shine along the extent of Main street, and to send its superfluous rays to the Capitol and the basin.

The novelty expired and so did the light; but the tower long remained—a monument of enterprize, if not of science and wisdom, and we may now boast that although our gas did not burn well, we were the first to light it. *Sic transit gloria*, &c.

Some years later the line of Main street was lighted according to the system of those benighted times, but this also was done by private subscription, and diligent ones were wanting to keep the lamps trimmed, mischievous boys broke them, and the lights ceased to shine.

Thus also by private subscription, water was conducted from the basin in wooden pipes as far as the market bridge, with hydrants at several corners, always flowing.

Myriads of minute eels would ascend the moist wall of the bridge and wriggle their way to the very spouts of the hydrants. By similar pipes, water was conveyed from the Bloody Run Spring (not then a sanguinary stream) as far as the Bell Tavern. Some of these are yet conduits, a short distance from their source. In excavating the streets, the pipes are frequently found and in perfect preservation from decay—after fifty years' interment of those from the basin.

About twenty-five years after the wooden water-pipes were laid, and when the increased population of the city had rendered many of the wells unfit for use, the river was put in requisition to pump a portion of its own water to an elevation higher than the city, and from its *reservoir* there, to circulate by subterranean channels to each domicile; though not always in a transparent state.

About half a century after Henfrey's light went out, a new and more permanent one was kindled, and this had been burning only a few years, when the cry of "give us more light" caused the erection of new and more extensive *Gas Works* on the outskirts of the city near Rockets, which will probably suffice for two or three generations.

A FISH STORY.

THE mention of young eels losing their way in the Main Street, in *ascending* to their Summer quarters or to their natural, though not native homes, reminds me of a similar mistake made by the brood of young shad in *descending* James River, from above the Falls, in the course of their migration to the ocean, or to their Winter quarters. On one occasion, and one only that I have known, a vast shoal of these fish, which had attained the size of a large minnow, missed their way down the river, and entered the canal at Westham. They followed its course down to the basin, and there their progress was arrested. There were no locks through which they could descend, and no mills through which they might take the chance of being ground in passing over the water-wheel. They appeared to be in great distress. The surface of the basin was covered with myriads of them, leaping out of the water and sparkling in the sun. A beautiful but painful sight. This continued for a number of days, but the young navigators, who had thus lost their reckoning, soon after lost their lives.

Although not fish out of water, they were out of their proper element, and died in immense numbers; the shores of the basin were covered with them, and were rendered very offensive to the olfactory organs.

It seems remarkable that this mistake of the young brood should have occurred but once, as if nature had cautioned them not to repeat it, for none survived to tell the tale.

Whether there were any operations going on above the locks at Westham, whether the water was very low in the river, and a larger portion than usual was diverted to the canal, I am unable to say; but can ascribe the wandering of the lost tribe only to some such cause.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLORED ARISTOCRACY.

THE servants belonging to the old families in Virginia, and especially those pertaining to domestic households, were as proud of their position as if the establishment was their own. I do not speak of the New Negroes, as the imported Africans were called, but of their descendants.

The house servants acquired something of the polite and respectful demeanor which prevailed among the gentility, and in their intercourse with each other they aped it to the ludicrous extent of "High life below stairs," —*Mister* Jupiter would inquire of *Mistress* Venus how *Master* Cupid was,—but in addressing those servants who were many years their seniors, Uncle and Aunt were the respectful terms used, and these were adopted by the white children of the family, for they would have been thought disrespectful and ill-bred to speak to old servants without giving the appellation of Uncle Adam or Aunt Eve.

The coachman in an old family felt as proud of his position on the box as he could have felt had he been inside; and he would issue his orders to the footman and stable-boys in as authoritative a tone as if he occupied that position.

Besides the pride of station, there was a strong attachment generally on the part of servants to their masters and mistresses, and this descended to the next generation, and was mutual on both sides. The changes which have been brought about in the breaking up of families, by death, misfortune, remote intermarriages, &c., have greatly diminished the number of these ancient and respectable domestic establishments; but many yet exist on the tide waters of Virginia; some have been transplanted to the upper country, and it is to be hoped that this beautiful, patriarchal system will, in spite of the mischievous and wicked interference of abolitionists, extend, instead of being further contracted.

The most prominent member of the black aristocracy of my early years was *Sy. Gilliat*, (probably Simon, or Cyrus,) the leading violinist, (fiddler was then the word,) at the balls and dancing parties. He traced his title to position to the days of vice royalty, hav-

ing held office under Lord Botetourt, when governor, but whether behind his chair or his coach, is in the mist of obscurity.

Sy. Gilliat flourished in Richmond in the first decade of this century, and I know not how many of the last. He was tall, and even in his old age, (if he ever grew old,) erect and dignified. When he appeared officially in the orchestra, his dress was an embroidered silk coat and vest of faded lilac, small clothes, (he would not say breeches,) and silk stockings, (which rather betrayed the African prominence of the shin-bone,) terminating in shoes fastened or decorated with large buckles. This court-dress being of the reign of Lord Botetourt, and probably part of the fifty suits which, according to the inventory he made, constituted his wardrobe; to complete this court costume, Sy. wore a brown wig, with side curls, and a long cue appended. His manners were as courtly as his dress, and he elbowed himself and his fiddle-stick through the world with great propriety and harmony.

Belonging to the vice-regal family, Sy. belonged of course to the Church of England; this was one qualification for the office of sexton, (not grave-digger,) and his residence being very near the church in Richmond, was

an inducement for the wardens to confer on him the appointment; although strict constructionists might have considered, like Ephraim Smooth, that he was "a man of sin, rubbing the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat;" but he obtained and filled the office for some time. He was, however, impelled to resign it in a fit of unrighteous indignation, excited by hearing that he was suspected of partaking of the wine, without the other ceremonies of the sacrament. His declaration, that he had drunk Lord Botetourt's best wine long before his accusers knew the difference between Malaga and Malmsey, whilst it vindicated Sy.'s connoisseurship, did not obtain his absolution of the charge, and he left the service of the church.

Sy. could not have many associates without compromising his dignity, for there were few of the old aristocracy remaining; but in addition to these he permitted the intimacy of some of the leading stewards, coachmen, and head cooks of the best families.

His cotemporary, *Bob Cooley*, had also served the nobility at Williamsburg, and when that city lost its pre-eminence, Bob was fain to follow a republican governor to Richmond, where for many years he was in-

trusted with the keys of the capitol, and flourished his besom over its floor and furniture. His court-dress was a time-honoured suit of black velvet, ample in skirts and flaps.

If Sy. was the Chesterfield, Bob might be called the Burleigh of their day. Sy. acquired his courtly and elegant demeanour by frequenting balls and parties, and Bob his solemn deportment by attending in council chambers and courts of justice. By dusting the judge's cushion he seemed to have acquired the solemn aspect of the dignitary who sat on it. Bob did not, however, attach a handle to his name, to indicate the dignity of office—but one was assumed by his successor, who appended the initials K. K. K., indicating keeper of the keys of the capitol.

Nick Scott, another member of the colored aristocracy, kept his coach for many years, without pride or insolence or imposition, and he took his seat on the box, thus showing an example to his children.

Before the female province of pastry was subdued by the countrymen of Napoleon, there flourished in Richmond a lady of the dark aristocracy, *Mrs. Nancy Byrd*, a name that carries its own passport to distinction. No dinner nor supper party could be complete unless she

had a finger in the pie. She held undisputed sway over the dessert, with the rolling-pin for her sceptre; and considered herself as forming the under-crust of gentility along with her compeers.

Among the queer members of our dark circle some fifty years ago, was Jack Baker, the servant of a Scotch merchant, Mr. Dunsmure, on Main above Fourteenth Street—a bachelor—for Jack was too full of fun and mischief to serve a mistress. I must premise that he is not to be ranked with the sable aristocracy. He was a capital mimic, and a perfect supple Jack in agility.

Jack furnished amusement to the whole neighborhood. He could assume the tone and manner of each resident in it, who had any marked peculiarity, and the subject of his imitative powers would occasionally be concealed behind a door, to hear himself taken off to the life, provided he could restrain his mirth or his anger during the performance. A guarantee was given before-hand that the mimic should go scot free. The object of his mimicry would be compensated for being shown up, by seeing some of his neighbors undergo the same process.

Jack's performances furnished rare fun in

the dog-days, when business was dull, and his pocket was furnished by the same process.

One of Jack's private amusements was to call a servant in the tone of the master, and when the servant appeared, the supposed master had disappeared. His most frequent dupe was a next door neighbor, whose master, a Scotch gentleman, took frequent trips to the country on horse-back. During his absence, Jack would, before retiring to bed, rap at the gate and call, "Jasper! come and take my horse." Jasper, aroused from his nap, came, but found neither master nor horse, and well knew who quizzed him. One night the veritable master made the call some time after Jack had given a false alarm. Jasper was out of patience, and replied in a loud voice—"D—n you, old fellow, if you call me again, I'll come out and thrash you!" After that, poor Jasper was at Jack's mercy, unless he resorted to "thrashing."

Another of Jack's amusements was in the exercise of his agility; besides turning summersets and playing other tricks he had seen in the circus, he had a mode of locomotion peculiar to himself, if his progress was to be down the street. He would throw his arms and legs into the form of an X, and by

a suitable impetus, set himself in motion like a wheel, and making his four extremities the spokes, would roll along the footway with a velocity exceeding mere pedestrianism.

In these days when Ethiopian minstrels and Mummers are represented by their white brethren, Jack's talents would be invaluable; and had there been a Barnum in those days, Jack would have been as great a celebrity as Joyce Heath, or the Mermaid, or the Bearded Woman; but with all the fame and fortune to be derived from a Barnum's management, Jack's happiness would not have been greater than it was.

This list of dark celebrities will now close with a minute specimen, but an aristocratic one.

Jack Selden was a very small black dwarf, (also adapted to adoption by Barnum) and was an appendage to the household of Dr. McClurg. In my early days he was well stricken in years, but not bowed down by them; he made the most of his inches by being very erect, which harmonized with his dignified and serious deportment. Neat in his dress, which was in the cut of gentility—most scrupulously polite in his formal bow—deliberate and ceremonious in speech—he

was a perfect Liliputian courtier of the olden time. A black Chesterfield in miniature.

He was the page of his old and his young mistress, and reminded one of the descriptions given of such attendants in ancient times. Jack had one of the genteel failings of his day and generation—love. Not solely of the fair sex, but of the juice of the grape; to the indulgence of which, (the latter I mean) he ultimately fell a victim; but after many year's enjoyment to console him for the fatal result.

While I write these closing pages in the Winter of 1855–6, the severest, in the long duration of extreme cold, that I can remember; the river closed for eight weeks in almost its entire length, and the earth covered with a coating of snow of nearly equal duration; the black servants and slaves are provided with food, fuel, and clothing, while our poor-houses and other receptacles for the destitute and dissipated whites, are crowded to overflowing, chiefly with foreign paupers; contributions are raised in every mode that can be devised for the relief of destitute whites; for many of whom we are indebted to our philanthropic brethren of the North, who seek to entice our slaves to the same destitute con-

dition there—perhaps, on the principle of reciprocity. Whether similar charity would be extended to them there, if destitute, is another affair.

A fair friend furnishes this anecdote of what came under her own observation:—

An old negro, who was considered so entirely "one of the family," as to be in the habit of calling one of his young mistresses Cousin, when addressing her, was once asked by the lady alluded to, "Why he did not, as formerly, attend the meeting-house of his brethren on Sunday?" his reply was, "That when he could sit by Wickham's Bob and Judge Marshall's Jack, he liked to join *siety*, but now he never knew who he *sot* by, and he stayed at home."

This same individual being, during this degenerate time, invited to a party, induced himself to attend, and was furnished with a *pass* till eleven o'clock that night. Arriving at the house where the festival was held, he was exceedingly disgusted by finding himsel surrounded altogether by *parvenus*, and being under the impression that he must not return home till the hour designated in his pass, he retired to an adjacent room, locked the door, remained there till the hour of eleven arrived,

and then returned to his domicil, mourning over the great lights which had been extinguished ere his own had gone out.

Like their betters, the negroes of the present day have their mock-aristocracy, and like them, they sustain it chiefly in dress and pretension. In the streets on Sundays, plainness of attire is rather a mark of true gentility now-a-days. Dashing satin bonnets now cover woolley false curls, a handsome veil conceals a sooty face, which is protected from being sun-burnt by a stylish parasol. A silk dress of gaudy colours sweeps the ground, concealing a splay foot with receding heel. The beau who struts beside this chamber-maid, is attired in a talma or shawl; pants, whose checks or stripes exceed the circumference of his leg, and a vest in which every colour vies for pre-eminence. He twirls his watch-chain and his cane, and might almost put a Broadway dandy to the blush. These gentry leave their visiting cards at each other's kitchens, and on occasion of a wedding, Miss Dinah Drippings and Mr. Cuffie Coleman have their cards connected by a silken tie, emblematic of that which is to connect themselves, and a third card announces, "At home from ten to one," where those who call will find

cake, fruits, and all sorts of refreshments. And this is not an exaggerated picture of the hardships and miseries which the domestic blacks suffer, and from which their abolition enemies seek to relieve them.

CHAPTER XL.

(*Caret.*)

HAVING now inflicted on his readers "Forty —save One," which he hopes they have borne with fortitude, and not found the punishment severe, the writer bids them adieu, trusting that he parts good friends with each and all, and that they will not say the best page in his book is

THE LAST.

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